National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVI. NO. 51. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856. WHOLE NO. 831.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Selections.

SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

SPEECH OF HON. AMOS P. GRANGER,

OF NEW YORK,

In the U. S. House of Representatives, April 4, 1856.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am aware, sir, that the subject of slavery is one of the most vital importance that can come before you for discussion—one that brings with it the highest interest, the deepest feeling, and involves principles of the most sacred character. I approach it, sir, with great reluctance, and prompted to it only by the stern demands of duty—a duty that, were it not a duty, I would gladly avoid. I know, sir, that southern feeling is ardent, and on this subject sometimes fiery. The North is slow and contemplative, passive and yielding; but there is a point beyond which it will not go. To that point, sir, it has arrived. The mighty difference between the North and the South requires a settlement, and it can be delayed no longer. It must be met and disposed of. Freedom and slavery must meet face to face, and try titles. The question, I regret to say, assumes a sectional aspect. The North and the South are opposite parties. I would it were not so; but since it is, let us meet it like friends and fellow-citizens of this highly favoured Commonwealth, guided strictly by the Constitution, and sustaining the Union in every emergency. The Constitution was made to protect freedom or slavery—one or the other—not both. There can be no compromise between them—no joint ownership. It is time one or the other had full possession. The Constitution was formed by the Convention, and adopted by the people, to secure the inalienable rights of man. Slavery is incompatible with those rights. Slavery in the United States is unconstitutional, and therefore unlawful. Slavery can have no legal existence in this country without specific constitutional legislative enactment, creating it or establishing it. Sir, there are none, there can be no such enactments. That slavery can have no legal existence without specific legislative enactments creating or establishing it, I assert, on the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States. In the case of Prigg *vs.* Penn, 16 Peters, the court declared "that the state of slavery is a mere municipal regulation founded upon, and limited to, the verge of territorial law." Now, I assert there is no such *law;* and I assert it on the authority of the father of the Fugitive Slave law, the honourable Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason]. When advocating the passage of that law, and discussing its provisions, the honourable Senator objected to trial by jury, on the ground that it would imply proof that slavery is established by existing law; and, said he, "it is impossible to comply with the requisition, for no such law can be found." Now, sir, put that and that together, and the "illegality of slavery is seen at a glance."

Go back with me to colonial times, before we were independent, and had a government of our own, and observe the landmarks that guide us on this subject from that time to this. Slavery then existed in England as it did in the Colonies here. In 1772, Charles Stewart, of Virginia, was in England with James Sommerset, his slave. The slave absconded and became a fugitive. He was pursued and recaptured, and confined on board of a ship to be transported to the West Indies and sold. From his prison he found means to reach the ear of Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus,* and claimed his freedom. The parties appeared and took issue. The Chief Justice gave sentence as follows:

"The state of slavery is of such a nature that it is incapable of being introduced on any reason, moral or political, but only positive law. It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. Whatever inconvenience, therefore, may follow from a decision, I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England; and the black must be discharged."

That decision, sir, was never controverted, and remains, from that day to this, the law of England. It covered the Colonies, and condemned slavery here as well as there. Four years after, in 1776, this country declared its independence, and assumed to speak for itself.

The Continental Congress—the most august body of men that ever met—by legal enactment sustained the decision of the Chief Justice, and, calling God to witness, declared liberty inalienable, and bondage impossible, in these United States. In that immortal instrument, the Declaration of Independence, in language too specific and positive to be misunderstood, they declared liberty sacred; and, to maintain it, pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour. This was the first great organic law, and has never been repealed. The people indorsed the declaration, and sealed it with the blood of an eight years' war. Sir, it has become the political liturgy of the country; and since the 4th of July, 1776, it has been rehearsed annually in the presence of all the people. In 1778, the Articles of Confederation were agreed to, the Constitution under which this Government was administered till 1789. Most of the States then held slaves; yet, so universal was the sentiment that slavery was temporary, and soon to expire, that in the Articles of Confederation not the slightest allusion was made to it. And here, sir, I ask you to note that, when the United States Constitution was adopted, every one of the old thirteen States had Constitutions except Rhode Island and Connecticut, and not one of those Constitutions established or recognised slavery. Rhode Island and Connecticut continued on under their old royal charters, neither of which, in the slightest degree, encouraged slavery. Up to this time, sir, there had been no rightful authority, or legal foothold, for slavery in this country.

Slavery was first introduced here without law—by a crime the law declares piracy. Without law it has been tolerated, permitted to remain, until it has attained a degree of strength and arrogance that it presumes to come here, in this temple of liberty, and par rank with freedom. We have now arrived to the date of our present Constitution; and unworthy be the ingrate who will not maintain it to the last extremity. And now, sir, comes the question: Did the Constitution create or establish slavery? Sir, examine the entire document, and mark its general scope, object, spirit and bearing—nay, its very letter—and let it decide whether freedom or slavery shall bear sway in this Republic. The Constitution, article one, section nine, on the one hand, says, "No title of nobility shall be granted"; on the other, in the same section, "No bill of attainder shall be passed." Not content with that, it reads (section ten), "No State shall pass any bill of attainder." We had revolted from a monarchy where privileged orders prevailed; hence the framers of the Constitution determined to bar the door against them. Sir, a law to create or legalize slavery, either by Congress or any State, would be to pass a bill of attainder, and, therefore, as null and void as would be a bill to grant a title of nobility.

Sir, to grant a "title of nobility," or to elevate a class or family by law above the level, was an idea never for a moment entertained by the framers of the Constitution. And, sir, a proposition to enslave, degrade, and chattelize one class of persons for the avarice or pleasure of another, and to attaint the blood and send it cursed with hereditary taint through succeeding generations, would have been repelled with indignation. Here, sir, is a direct and positive prohibition of slavery, and cuts it up root and branch. In the same tenth section it is also written, "No State shall pass any bill impairing the obligation of contracts." Now, that slavery not only impairs the obligation of contracts by wholesale, but actually deprives a large class of persons of the power of making contracts at all, and declares such contracts as they may make null and void—here again slavery meets a repulse, and is driven from the Constitution. Again, article one, section nine: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended in time of peace"—the Fugitive Slave law to the contrary notwithstanding. Now, sir, what is this writ of habeas corpus, the privilege of which shall not be suspended? Says Blackstone:

"The object of the writ is to bring the body of the prisoner who has been restrained of liberty into court, who shall determine whether the cause of his commitment be just, and thereupon do as justice shall appertain. It is to be directed to the person detaining another, and demanding him to produce the body of the prisoner, with the day and cause of his capture and detention, to do, submit to, and receive whatsoever the judge or court awarding the writ shall consider in that behalf."

It is for the special protection of personal, individual liberty, a right to the privilege of which all are entitled who claim they are deprived of it without due process of law. All, without discrimination of caste or colour; all, male and female, citizen and alien. It is the body-guard of personal, individual liberty in this country. Sir, the hand that is raised against it aims a blow at the heart of liberty itself. This the Fugitive Slave law has done. Here again slavery finds in the Constitution a successful rival, and is forced to yield. Sir, this potent privilege of the writ of habeas corpus, this all-powerful protector of individual personal liberty, must be suspended or slavery can be no longer tolerated. Sir, there is not a slave in this Union who is not entitled to the privilege of this writ, and not one who, with a fair and impartial trial under it, would not, like Sommerset, obtain his freedom.

"This writ," says Blackstone's commentator, "makes slavery impossible in England." I say, sir, this writ makes slavery impossible in America. If he could say thus much of it in a monarchy, may I not say as much of it in a republic? Sir, the writ of habeas corpus and slavery cannot exist together; they cannot breathe the same atmosphere; one or the other must perish.

Again, sir, at section ninth, the Constitution reads as follows:

"The United States shall guaranty to every State a republican form of government."

A State Constitution that expressly authorizes slavery and legalizes an institution that allows one man to enslave another—that chattelizes human beings, and makes them marketable like horses and swine—that says a man has no right to his wife, his children, nay, does not own himself, but can be sold on execution, and made to follow like a dog and obey his master—a Constitution like that has, in my view, very little claim to a republican character. Perhaps I may be called on to vote for the admission of a State with such a Constitution. When I vote for it, sir, I give due notice it will be after this.

If there still remains a doubt how the Constitution should be understood on this subject, ask it. Ask it, sir, and it will tell you. It gives no uncertain sound. Listen, sir, and hear its own explanation:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, protect the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution for the United States of America."

Here, sir, you are expressly told by the Constitution itself that it has liberty, not slavery, for its object. Sir, this is language that cannot be trifled with. And lest there might be some that hesitate, and perhaps claim that the Constitution was made not for freedom, but for slavery, a codicil was subsequently added, explaining, qualifying, overruling, nay, sir, annulling, everything inconsistent with it in the original instrument. I will read it, sir, from the fifth article of amendments to the Constitution:

"No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

This, sir, goes back and covers the whole ground. No person—owing labour or not—no person shall be deprived of liberty without a fair trial for his offences. There it is, in letters of iron. It stands out in bold relief, the all-pervading sentiment of the Constitution. Sir, this alone, if there was nothing else in the Constitution to sustain it, settles the question and seals the death-warrant of slavery. No State has power to save it, even within its own borders. No State rights, no State sovereignty has power to protect it. And so declares the Constitution:

"No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

Sir, was ever langunge more emphatic? Was ever law more decisive? Article sixth sums up as follows:

"This Constitution and laws of Congress, and treaties made pursuant to it, shall be the supreme law of the land, constitutions of the States, and laws of the States to the contrary notwithstanding."

As against all these positive provisions of the Constitution in favour of liberty, and against slavery, the advocates of slavery present us with the second section, article fourth, which provides for the return of persons owing service or labour, and who have absconded and left the State. And it provides for nothing else. It reads as follows:

"No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping to another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor *may* be due."

A person owing labour in one State and fleeing to another shall not be discharged from such labour by any law of the State to which he goes, but shall be given up—to whom? To the person to whom such labour *may* be due. And if that is not to be ascertained by a fair trial, by due process of law, then you may as well take one man as another. If you are not to ascertain by due process of law who the person is that owes labour, and to whom he owes it, then I say you may as well take one person as another. Mark, sir, colour has nothing to do with it. So far as the question of slavery is concerned, this section is of very little consequence, one way or the other. That it means slaves, I deny. It does not describe their condition. It cannot mean slaves, for the framers of the Constitution objected to the word slave; and President Madison, the father of the Constitution, said, "It is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there can be property in man"; and even the word "servitude" was, on motion of Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, unanimously rejected, and the word "service" inserted. Sir, let Virginia and the whole country hear and heed the reason given for this unanimous vote; the reason given, sir, was "because the former was thought to express the condition of slaves, and the latter the obligation of freemen."

The idea that it meant slave is repudiated by the very terms of the section; for it says "persons owing service or labour." Sir, if you are to transform a person owing service or labour into a slave, you must look elsewhere for a license to do it. Now, a slave, a chattel, no one will contend is indebted or owes anybody labour or anything else. That is impossible. A slave is incapable of making any contract whatever. The slave you catch under that clause is just no slave at all. It is some person owing labour and gone out of the State to get rid of the debt. In defiance of at least three positive provisions of the Constitution, the Fugitive Slave law grabs somebody, black or white, for it makes no distinction of colour—demands of him a life's labour—suspends "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*"—denies him "trial by jury"—and "deprives him of liberty without due process of law," and works him, or whips him, or sells him, as it likes.

There is one other clause in the Constitution referred to by the advocates of slavery as favouring their views:

"ART. 1, SEC. 2.—Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians, not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons."

It is claimed that the three-fifths of all other persons means slaves. Then, why not say so? But suppose it does; it was merely a compromise with slavery, in which, like all other compromises with slavery, freedom gets cheated. With an understanding that the public burdens would be borne or taxes paid by the slave States in proportion to their representation in Congress, the slave States obtained, and now possess, the unfair advantage of some twenty-one members of Congress, and an equal number of presidential electors more than a fair share, while they have long since ceased to furnish a dollar in consideration of the arrangement. Thus the slave States have a controlling property representation in Congress with which they continually invade the soil of freedom, while the free States have no such property representation to resist the invasion. Besides, sir, by a property representation which the free States do not enjoy, the slave States meet us at every presidential election with some twenty-one extra electoral votes, and for all which they pay not a farthing of the stipulated consideration. Sir, by this fraud the free States are, to a great extent, disfranchised. The property representation of the slave States not enjoyed by the North is equal to some eighteen hundred thousand votes, or in effect disfranchising some eighteen hundred thousand northern freemen—more than five times the number of all the slaveholders put together.

Sir, five slaveholders, with each one thousand slaves, have more power in Congress, and at every presidential election, than three thousand northern freemen. And now we are coolly asked to remain quiet and submit to have this unfair advantage over us not only perpetuated, but to have it multiplied, and increased, and extended to an indefinite extent. Sir, I ask, with all due respect, is not this a little too much?

Now, sir, for section ninth of the Constitution. Here again slavery seeks shelter:

"SEC. 9, ART. 1.—The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited prior to 1808."

This is claimed by some to be a recognition of the slave trade. If it was, it was a recognition with a vengeance. It was to put an end to it. And here, sir, allow me to quote as authority a rule of interpretation of the United States Supreme Court:

"When rights are infringed, when fundamental principles are overthrown, when the general system of laws are departed from, the legislative intention must be expressed with irresistible clearness to induce a court of justice to suppose a design to effect such an object."

"When rights are infringed," the legislative intention must be expressed with irresistible clearness.

Sir, will any one pretend that the Constitution expresses "with irresistible clearness" that one man is allowed to infringe on the rights of another so far as to deprive him of his liberty—to take possession of his wife and children, and make them subservient to his will—to sell them to a returnless distance from their native home, and from each other, and pocket the money? God forbid that the Constitution of my country should harbour such a sentiment!

Sir, you are not to rely on doubtful passages of law; you are not to infer or guess when the dearest rights of man, when liberty itself is sought to be overthrown. Nothing short of positive declarations, expressed "with irresistible clearness," can give slavery the slightest foothold in the Constitution.

And here, sir, in the presence of this House and the country, I take occasion to say that the Constitution nowhere gives Congress power to legislate for the return of fugitive slaves. Sir, I demand that the power be pointed out "with irresistible clearness," or the claim to it be abandoned forever. Sir, all attempts to sustain slavery in the Constitution take for granted the legality of slavery when the Constitution was formed. Without this assumption, no such claim would ever have been set up. But, as this assumption is untrue, the whole fabric of slavery in the Constitution falls to the ground. Sir, if this glorious republican Constitution of this glorious land of liberty, the asylum of the oppressed, this home of the brave, and this land of the free, takes sides with slavery, then I confess I do not understand it. Sir, the Constitution, both in spirit and express terms, repudiates slavery, and positively bars its existence. Slavery is war, open war, on the rights of man. It is death to rights inalienable. Its very name was offensive to the Convention that formed the Constitution, and was denied a record. Slavery in the Constitution! Sir, it would be like ingrafting wormwood into the tree of liberty!

REPLY TO MR. GRANGER.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

In the United States House of Representatives, on the 4th inst., the Hon. A. P. Granger, of Western New York, made a speech, in which he took the ground that "slavery in the United States is unconstitutional, and therefore unlawful"—repeating, almost word for word, the arguments (?) in support of that position advanced by Messrs. Smith, Goodell, and others. Soaring on the wings of his imagination, he exclaimed, "Sir, if this glorious republican Constitution of this glorious land of liberty (!), the asylum of the oppressed (!!), this home of the brave and this land of the free (!!!), takes sides with slavery, then I confess I do not understand it. Sir, the Constitution, both in spirit and express terms, repudiates slavery, and positively bars its existence." No one appears to have deemed it worth while to reply to this speech, its historical absurdity being so transparent, and its verbal criticism so superficial and contradictory. But, conceding its assumption to be the true rendering of that instrument, let us see what will be among the consequences that will follow:

1. There has never been a constitutional Congress, and all laws passed at the present or at any preceding session of the spurious conclave, convened annually at Washington, are illegal, null and void.

2. As Gen. Granger is not entitled to a seat in any unconstitutional House of Representatives, by recognising the present Congress as valid, he either puts his foot upon his own theory, as utterly untenable, or else connives at the overthrow of the instrument he has sworn to maintain; for there are upwards of twenty representatives in Congress from the slave States, representing three-fifths of the slave population—constituting an oligarchy more to be abhorred and dreaded than any order of nobility in Europe. "It is claimed," he said, "that the three-fifths of all other persons means slaves. Then, why not say so?" Our reply to this verbal trifling is, if the clause referred to does not mean slaves, why does Gen. Granger retain his seat in a body unknown to the Constitution?

3. All judicial decisions upon the acts of the various Congresses, from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time, recognising them as legal, and all executive proceedings, are, like those acts, of no binding force whatever.

4. *The government of the United States yet remains to be organized!* WE ARE RULED BY CONSPIRATORS AND USURPERS!

5. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, Pinckney, Wythe, Marshall, Carroll of Carrollton, and their slaveholding associates, were a lawless band, lost to all shame, and anarchists in the guise of patriotism, in first framing and adopting an anti-slavery Constitution, and then continuing to hold half a million of slaves (now numbering four millions) in hopeless bondage—impudently talking of pro-slavery compromises that (according to Gen. Granger) were never made! Why were they not arrested, and brought to justice?

6. From 1789 to 1856, the people of this country have never understood their own Constitution! They have persisted in interpreting it, on the subject of slavery, diametrically opposite from what they intended from the beginning! They have understood black to mean white, and white to mean black! They allowed the foreign slave trade to be prosecuted for a score of years under the national flag, blunderingly supposing that this was a part of the compact! They have consented uniformly, and always, to allow the slaveholder to recover his fugitive slave in any part of the Union, forgetting that they utterly abolished slavery in 1789, on the adoption of their "glorious Constitution"! They have believed that the South is entitled, by that instrument, to a three-fifths slave representation in Congress, when they never dreamed of making any such arrangement! Such wholesale and long-continued stultification, on the part of a people claiming to be intelligent, the world has never seen before—Gen. Granger being witness!

For all these incredible absurdities legitimately follow the declaration that "slavery in the United States is unconstitutional, and therefore unlawful." To outface a nation in this manner is the coolest thing imaginable—paralleled only by the Romish dogma, that because Jesus said, "Take, eat—this is my body," therefore the literal body of the Saviour is devoured, after the manner of cannibalism, instead of bread!

Gen. Granger effectually answered himself by his contradictions before he finished his speech. Referring to the article in the Constitution respecting the manner in which representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, he said, "Suppose this relates to slaves: it was merely *a compromise with slavery,* in which, like all other compromises with slavery, freedom gets cheated. With an understanding that the public burdens would be borne or taxes paid by the slave States in proportion to their representation in Congress, the slave States obtained, and now possess, the unfair advantage of some twenty-one members of Congress, and an equal number of presidential electors more than a fair share, while they have long since ceased to furnish a dollar in consideration of the arrangement." And so the anti-slavery Constitution is blown to atoms! "Suppose it relates to slaves": but how is this supposable, on such a theory? "It was merely a compromise with slavery": but how can such a compromise be admitted, without refuting the assertion that slavery is unconstitutional and illegal? "*Merely* a compromise": but what said John Quincy Adams respecting it? "It was the exaction, fatal to the principle of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons; . . . . thereby to make the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the national government." Gen. Granger says, "The slave States meet us at every presidential election with some twenty-one extra electoral votes, for all which they pay not a farthing of *the stipulated consideration.*" Here he admits that a bargain was made, in the formation of the Constitution, by which the slave States were to be allowed a representation for their slaves, for a pecuniary consideration. But how could this be, if slavery was annihilated by the Constitution? The contradiction is palpable.

Again, referring to Sec. 9, Art. 1, "The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited prior to 1808," he says, without making any denial, "This is claimed by some to be a recognition of the slave trade. If it was, it was a recognition with a vengeance: it was to put an end to it." Not to put an end to it, however, until the expiration of twenty years; nor even then, if Congress should not feel disposed to pass a prohibitory law. But how preposterous it is to insist that the Constitution, on its adoption, made slavery illegal, and yet admit that it provided for the prosecution of the foreign slave trade until the year 1808!

Of the section which reads, "No person held to service or labour," &c., Gen. G. says, "That it means slaves, I deny." But what is his denial worth against the unbroken, uniform and universal interpretation of it by THE NATION for more than sixty years? John Quincy Adams says emphatically, "*It cannot be denied* that the slaveholding lords of the South *prescribed it as a condition of their assent to the Constitution,*" though it was "an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai." Did not Mr. Adams know whereof he affirmed? The engagement is still a part of the instrument, having never been repealed or modified. What is to be gained by such verbal quibbling? Can it be reconciled with straight-forward honesty and fair dealing? Besides, if Gen. Granger is right, and John Quincy Adams wrong in this matter, because the word SLAVE is not found in Sec. 2, Art. 4, then it is absurd to talk of the Fugitive *Slave* law of 1793 or of 1850, and to expatiate upon its enormities; because it may be as boldly and truthfully declared that no such law has ever been enacted by Congress, but only an unexceptionable law expressed in *the very language of the Constitution!* If the one is anti-slavery, so is the other. But what would be thought of the intelligence or honesty of the man who should insist that Congress has never yet passed a Fugitive Slave law, because the word slave is not mentioned therein?

The way in which slavery is proved to be unconstitutional is as follows:

"No title of nobility shall be granted"—"No bill of attainder shall be passed"—"No State shall pass any bill impairing the obligation of contracts"—"The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended in time of peace"—"The United States shall guarantee to every State a republican form of government"—"No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law"—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice . . . . and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution": *therefore,* slavery is unconstitutional. "These are direct and positive prohibitions of slavery," says Gen. Granger, "cutting it up root and branch."

But, as a contract is binding only in the sense in which it was understood and recognised by the parties making it—as the language of the Constitution is to be interpreted in the light of history, and in view of the circumstances under which it was formed—the all-sufficient reply to these quotations is, that they were never designed or understood to interfere with the institution of slavery, directly or indirectly, but had reference to such only as [illegible] therefore, to construe them in any other manner, to apply them in a way never contemplated, to be guilty of fraud, and to act upon the jesuitical maxim that the end sanctifies the means. That the passages referred to were not regarded as at all impairing the right of any slaveholder to his slave is evident, beyond a reasonable doubt—

1. Because not a slave was ever set free by any such construction of the Constitution.

2. Because a slave representation in Congress was treated as a constitutional provision *from the beginning.*

3. Because the foreign slave trade was universally regarded as sacred, *under the Constitution,* against any government interference for its abolition until the year 1808.

4. Because the Fugitive Slave law of 1793 demonstrated, promptly and conclusively, what was intended by the section, "No person held to service or labour," &c.

5. Because, if slavery was made illegal by the Constitution, it is incredible that such men as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Marshall, Jay and Franklin, lived all their days ignorant of so momentous a fact.

6. Because, if this was so, it is equally incredible that the people as electors, and the Senators and Representatives as their servants, and every court appointed by them from the highest to the lowest, State and National, for almost seventy years, should never have understood their own Constitution and form of government.

7. Because the intelligent adoption of a Constitution intended to "cut up slavery, root and branch," presupposes a radical change in the views and feelings of the people on the subject of slavery, and that they regarded it as, under all circumstances, a sin against God, and an outrage upon man; whereas, it is notorious that the right to hold slaves was everywhere conceded, and is at this day stoutly maintained by a very large majority of the people.

8. Because immediate and unconditional emancipation is a modern doctrine; while the most that was aimed at, in the days of Washington, by any scheme, was a gradual abolition, "half way between now and never."

9. Because every one of the thirteen States, except Massachusetts, adopting the Constitution, tolerated slavery on its soil at that time; and not one of them regarded that instrument as interfering with its right to continue to hold slaves, *ad libitum.*

10. Because slavery had an existence in the Colonies for more than a century and a half—gradually extending itself, and increasing the number of its victims till it reached half-a-million at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Now, to say that a system so old, and so interwoven with all the religious, political, social and pecuniary habits of the people, was crushed without a struggle, and that "property" so valuable was voluntarily sacrificed by its possessors, is simply preposterous.

11. Because Africans and their descendants, in this country, have been treated with systematic injustice and oppression, as an inferior and leprous race, from the settlement of the country; hence, it was not possible for those who despised and enslaved them to take them to their embrace as equals in the formation of the government—but it was natural and inevitable for them to exclude this hated and outraged class from equal rights and privileges—and, accordingly, they did so; hence, the pro-slavery compromises in the Constitution.

12. Because, since the world was created, it has never been known for tyrants, possessing unlimited power over the lives and liberties of others—and especially the worst of all tyrants, slaveholders—as a body, to relinquish their grasp, and proclaim freedom to their vassals, without entreaty or hesitancy, without discussion or agitation, and without necessity or recompense. Certainly, no such thing was done by the colonial slaveholders, either on the adoption of the Constitution or prior to that time; therefore, the assertion that that instrument "cuts slavery up, root and branch," has no foundation whatever, but is disproved by evidence wholly insurmountable.

Here we have given a dozen reasons, each one of which is incontrovertible, we think, proving that an anti-slavery construction of the Constitution is a fraud, on the one hand, and is giving credit to whom credit is *not* due, on the other. For it is *not* true that our fathers resolutely set their faces against chattel slavery, and determined to give it no quarter in their national compact: on the contrary, it *is* true that, to effect a union of the Colonies, and to prevent their own possible subjection by the mother country, through their divisions, they made "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," though not without some twinges of conscience and feelings of shame. Our duty is not to deny or to hide their guilt, but to confess it with sorrow, and to refuse to be participators therein.

It is mere parrot-talk, therefore, to be repeating the various clauses of the Constitution relating to a title of nobility, to bills of attainder, to impairing the obligation of contracts, to the writ of habeas corpus, &c., &c. They break no fetter; they emancipate no slave; they were not adopted in order to "cut slavery up, root and branch"—no, not even to interfere with the growth of a single twig thereof. As if this tremendous struggle, which is shaking the Republic to its foundations, were a question of grammar, or to be decided by an ingenious interpretation! As if the representatives of the people, and the people themselves, have been ignorant of the relation of the Constitution to chattel slavery for more than three score years! Away with such childish folly, and up with the banner whereon is inscribed the motto, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DEAR H.: * * * * On Monday we went to the Senate chamber, at an early hour, without any expectation beyond that of seeing the ordinary routine of a common day, but, as good luck would have it, we found ourselves at the very first opening plumped into as piquant and spicy a debate as one should wish to see. We sat, with unmoved and breathless attention, from twelve to six o'clock, and the scene had all the interest of a well-acted drama.

It occurred in this wise: It seems that, on Thursday previous, Gen. Cass had presented the petition of Kansas for admission as a Free State, and, from some erasures and informalities in the manuscript, it had been attacked as a forgery and thrown out in a way reflecting upon the honour of Gen. Lane.

The first thing, therefore, that turned up on Monday was this John Barleycorn of a petition. Gen. Lane had prepared a statement in which he had presented the original draft, explaining that the alterations and erasures were made by a committee fully impowered by the Kansas Legislature to make them; to this statement he appends his affidavit duly taken before a Judge of the Supreme Court, in consideration of which he prayed the Senate to receive the petition as genuine.

This memorial of Gen. Lane was presented by Mr. Harlan, of Iowa. His first announcement of the matter caused a murmur and flutter like a breeze in a wood. Heads were turned, newspapers laid down, and Senator Douglas immediately was on the alert, left his own desk, and with a thought was over the other side of the house in the desk fronting Mr. Harlan, with his pencil and paper in hand. This Douglas is the very ideal of vitativeness. Short, broad and thick set, every inch of him has its own alertness and motion. He has a good head and face, thick black hair, heavy black brows, and a keen eye. His figure would be an unfortunate one were it not for the animation which constantly pervades it; as it is, it rather gives poignancy to his peculiar appearance; he has a small, handsome hand, moreover, and a graceful as well as forcible mode of using it—a point speakers do not always understand.

Well, Harlan spoke for Gen. Lane right chivalrous, and quite a little breeze he made for him. Gentlemen had asked, he said, who is this Lane, and there had been nobody to speak a word in reply. Well, he should take it on him to say who is this James H. Lane, and then he proceeded to trace his services for many years in the Democratic party; how he had occupied distinguished positions in the Democratic party from the time of Van Buren down; how he had fought in the Mexican war; how he had made stump speeches for Cass; how he had electioneered for Franklin Pierce, etc., and *now,* he says, his old friends are all standing by to see him charged with forgery and not one of them remembered who he was. Thereat there was a great fluttering, and one Senator after another got up to say that they never *said* they did n't know him; they never denied him; in short, one and all were anxious to have it appear that they knew very well who he was, only Gen. Cass said that a man could not all the while be getting up to tell all he knew on every subject. In short, they made it quite apparent that if they had sat by and seen their old comrade put down under an ungentlemanly imputation, it was for no lack of knowledge.

The moment that Harlan sat down, Douglas was on his feet The Chair now announced that it was time to take up the special order of the day. Mr. Douglas, however, planted himself back on his heels with the air of a man who feels competent to settle a matter at once, and moved that the special order should be suspended, and this affair of the petition attended to once for all. "I am perfectly prepared," he said, "to show from the document itself that it is a forgery."

Then there was objecting, and a gentle show of remonstrance from peaceably-disposed people, and Mr. Weller reminded the House that the day had been promised to the Pacific Railroad for three weeks. Vain reminder! everybody was wide awake, nobody cared for Pacific railroads or any other pacific things—a passage of arms was what they wanted. The motion was put—Shall the business be suspended? The vote was taken—"*no.*" "I call for a division," says Douglas, with a wave of the handsome hand aforesaid. A division was made—"*yes*"—and a breeze of applause passed around the galleries, which by this time were crowded with ladies and spectators, for the sound of the approaching battle had been sent out and called in the outsiders.

Now Douglas has the floor. The first sentence shows you that he has two requisites of a debater—a melodious voice, and a clear, sharply-defined enunciation. The speech that followed was a perfect specimen of his kind of talent.

His forte in debating is his power of mystifying the point. With the most off-handed assured airs in the world, and a certain appearance of honest superiority, like one who has a regard for you and wishes to set you right on one or two little matters, he proceeds to set up some point which is *not* that in question, but only a family connection of it, and this point he attacks with the very best of logic and language; he charges upon it horse and foot, runs it down, tramples it in the dust, and then turns upon you with—"Sir, there's your argument! did n't I tell you so? you see it's all stuff"; and if you have allowed yourself to be so dazzled by his quickness as to forget that the routed point is not after all the one in question, you suppose all is over with it. Moreover, he contrives to mingle up so many stinging allusions, so many piquant personalities, so many flips upon sore and sensitive places, that by the time he has done his mystification a dozen others are ready and burning to spring on their feet to repel some direct or indirect attack, all equally wide of the point. His speeches, instead of being like an arrow sent at a mark, resemble rather a bomb which hits nothing in particular, but bursts and sends red-hot nails in every direction. All these characteristics were forcibly illustrated in the following debate.

The case was the simplest possible. Gen. Lane's honour had been attacked; he had taken the most sensible, straightforward way to clear himself by an affidavit, and the simple question was, "Should his justification be received?" a point so simple, to *see* it would be to carry it.

Nobody knew this better than Douglas, and he shaped his discourse accordingly. He begun by announcing, in a high, confident tone, that he should *prove* the document a forgery. He shook it aloft, he looked astonished at it, he declared that it was entirely different from the document presented on Thursday (a thing of course that everybody knew, and which was the cause of the debate). He read some of the omitted passages in various tones of horror, surprise and astonishment, and declared that he smelt treason and rebellion in them. He inquired loftily who was this so-called Kansas Legislature; he professed that he didn't know them. He insinuated that the whole matter was hatched up in Washington—was concocted by the Republican party. Besides, he added that the Kansas men had been moving a law excluding the settlement of coloured people in that State; there was consistency for you—there was their principle! What did they think of that? Here Mr. Wade, of Ohio, rose and wished to know how the Senator could *prove* his last assertion.

"How do I *prove* it?" says Douglas, "why it's notorious! Is there a man among you that's got common sense that does not know it?"

"No, no," says Wade, looking like a dry, sharp lawyer cornering a tricky witness, "you are not going to get off that way; I did n't ask you what *we know;* I ask how *you prove* it; bring up your proofs."

"Well, then," says Douglas, "if you want proof, I talked with Gov. Reeder, and *he* told me so; I talked with Gen. Lane, and *he* told me so."

"Now, here's a man," says Wade, "makes an assertion; and when we ask for proof, he brings the testimony of men that he has just been accusing of forgery and all kinds of dishonesty."

"Well," says Douglas, laughing, "it's a principle of law that a confession shall be always received."

"And," says Wade, "it's another principle of law that a man shall not invalidate his own witnesses."

"But," he added, "supposing it is so or is not, *what is it to the purpose?* It has no more possible connection with the point in debate than with the man in the moon." Wade then went on, in a tone of real, honest, heartfelt earnestness, to say that as a citizen of Ohio he had an interest in this Kansas question. Ohio had sent out multitudes of her bravest and best men; they had been ruthlessly persecuted, attacked, murdered, and Ohio has a right to inquire after her sons and citizens, and they might rest assured she would do it.

Pugh, the other Ohio Senator, now rose, and, after stating at length the reason why he had not spoken for Gov. Lane, proceeded to say "that he knew no reason why Ohio should interest herself so particularly in the fate of Kansas. When settlers left her soil and settled in another State, they no longer belonged to her, and were no part of her responsibility and concern." As to this memorial from a Kansas Legislature, he professed to know nothing about it. When Kansas *had* a regularly appointed Legislature, and sent a properly attested document, it would be time enough to consider the propriety of receiving it.

Mr. Wade replied that the Senator from Ohio seemed to consider the fate of those of her sons who had gone to Kansas a matter of great indifference; he would find the Ohio people of another opinion. "Sir, they are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; they have been insulted, oppressed, trampled; their blood cries from the ground; and if ever I forget them, may my right arm wither, may my right hand forget her cunning," and the right arm and hand went down with a sweep that was heartfelt, *not* oratorical, and there was a momentary stillness. The atmosphere of the House was growing electrical, and one could feel the thrills in the slight movements of interest that occasionally passed round the crowded and breathless galleries.

John P. Hale rose, and everybody stirred and smiled as his beaming, good-natured face appeared, and all seemed favourably disposed to listen to him. In a frank, brotherly, conversational tone he reminded them that they were somewhat wide of the point. "It was a simple matter," he said; "Col. Lane's honour and character had been assailed; he had prepared an attested vindication; would the Senate receive that vindication? that was the point—should the man be heard in his own defence?"

Mr. Wilson rose to comment on the language that Douglas had thrown out with regard to their party—said he had indulged in catchwords unworthy the Senate—he had called them Black Republicans as a term of reproach—but they did not fear the reproach. They would accept the term and make it a badge of triumph. He had talked of "*subduing*" them. "Sir," said he, "you may rely on it, *that* you cannot do—already we have thinned your ranks—place after place has been vacated by your side to be filled by ours—and this is *still* to go on. We will yet have a majority here. We *will* have a majority in the House, and *a man at the other end of the avenue to conduct the Government* that shall conduct it on *true* Democratic principles." Mr. Wilson is an effective speaker—his voice and action are good, and he expresses himself with an honest strength of conviction that carries great weight with it. The House were quite still in some of his pauses.

Douglas said that he had used the term Black Republican because there must be *some* name for a party—and because he wished to distinguish it from the old national republicans—and because every one of their principles had some relation to the negro question—those were purely sectional principles, and were only avowed in the free States.

"I beg the Senator's pardon," said Wilson. "I addressed a close-packed meeting in a city-hall of Delaware on last Saturday, and proclaimed all these principles with universal applause. We intend to proclaim them in every Southern State."

"Well," said Douglas, "I only hope you will proclaim them in every State as openly as you do at the North." He went on to say it was unjust to represent him as having said he would "subdue them"—he had said they would *subdue them to the laws*—it was an abolition slander—he generally bore such taunts in silence, because he had such a contempt for this practice of making *side issues* which had nothing to do with the main point

be thrust aside from the ballot-box, as before, to make way for Atchison and his crew to instal a pro-slavery, Missouri Constitution upon Kansas, after the similitude of the border ruffian Legislature which is now set over her. This can never be submitted to.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

JUDGE M'LEAN AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Bugle. April 17, 1856.

DEAR SIR: Those who prefer truth to falsehood will find some interest in the following statement of facts in regard to a slanderous charge lately made against Judge M'Lean in *The Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

While the Judge resided on a farm in Warren County, Ohio, his first wife being in feeble health, he was desirous of procuring a suitable female to do house-work. Not finding any one in the neighbourhood, he was informed of a coloured girl—a slave in Kentucky—who was highly recommended as a good nurse, &c., in the neighbourhood of Covington. He saw the master of the girl, and, after talking with the girl and finding she was willing to go, he proposed to the master to purchase the girl and make her free by taking her to Ohio, if he would give an assurance that she would remain in his service some three or four years, and that he would clothe her well.

The master, on the above proposition, agreed to give up the girl on the payment of two hundred dollars, which sum was paid. The Judge informed him that he could have no claim on the girl, as she would be emancipated by being taken to Ohio.

The master gave a writing that the girl would serve the above time. The time was fixed by paying the highest wages for female labour, and in addition the Judge was to supply the girl with clothing.

She was brought to Ohio, and for some weeks she did well and gave great satisfaction to Mrs. M'Lean, but after that, through the persuasion of some persons, as was supposed, who could not see without envy a sickly and delicate person assisted by a coloured girl in her domestic concerns, poisoned the mind of the girl and she became ill-natured and worthless. She became so fiendish that Mrs. M'Lean was afraid that she would poison the family or burn the house. She was afraid to trust her in the kitchen and gave her little or no employment in the house.

One night this girl left, and Mrs. M'Lean was happily released. Taking her back to Kentucky never entered into the mind of Judge M'Lean. He had given to her freedom, and it was optional with the girl whether she would remain in his family or not. He was glad when she left, and he never made any inquiry about her or her late master. He lost the two hundred dollars and made the ungrateful girl free.

I am advised that Judge M'Lean never heard of any publication on this subject until yesterday. If Mr. A. Brooke, who has busied himself in this matter, will find any six persons in his County, including himself, who have paid as much money as Judge M'Lean has paid for the emancipation of slaves, the evidence ought to be published. When Judge M'Lean returned from Washington City to Ohio, he brought with him a coloured man, his wife and four or five children, all of whom he had bought from slavery and emancipated, and furnished them in Cincinnati with furniture, &c., for housekeeping. They were desirous of remaining in his family, with whom they had lived some years in Washington.

He persuaded them to live and act for themselves; and when they left his dwelling, both parents and children were in tears. In addition to the above, the Judge emancipated and left in Washington City one of the finest dining-room servants in the City, whom he might have sold for from ten to fifteen hundred dollars.

Believing as I do that the publication of the above statement is due to truth and the reputation of Judge M'Lean, I ask its insertion in *The Bugle.*

Allow me to say that I was a neighbour to Judge M'Lean at the time when it is said the transaction referred to in the communication of Dr. Brooke and in your editorial article took place.

My means of information I believe to be perfectly reliable, and that those who have made these charges will, upon full investigation, be satisfied to withdraw them.

Very respectfully, A. HARLAN.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

We would do justice to all men, slaveholders and "unjust Judges" among the rest. We supposed we were doing nothing more nor less than justice to Judge M'Lean when we referred to the statement of his alleged attempt at slaveholding in Ohio. We are happy to publish Mr. Harlan's statement of the case. Mr. Harlan is the Representative from the Seventh Congressional District of this State. It certainly would give us most sincere pleasure to learn that in estimating Judge M'Lean's character we had not to add to the guilt and infamy of his judicial efforts to sustain slaveholding and slavecatching that of an attempt to return a woman, free by Ohio law, to Kentucky slavery. Mr. Harlan has, doubtless, stated the facts correctly, as he learned them from "his friend" Judge M'Lean. The statement in *The Bugle*, we presume, is equally accurate, as learned from the woman and her friends. Our readers, having the statement of both parties now before them, can dispose of the subject as they shall think proper. Perhaps they may think the woman's statement quite as likely to be true as the Judge's, under the circumstances. Abolitionists do sometimes, though it is unfashionable, believe the oppressed, when their statements conflict with those of their alleged oppressors.

One evidence as to the truth of the story was, that it stood uncontradicted, so far as we were aware, by Judge M'Lean or any of his friends. It seems now be never heard of it until the statement appeared in *The Bugle.* Politicians ought to take abolition newspapers. They would thus learn a great deal of truth about themselves; and when the papers fall into error, they would have the opportunity of correcting them, and not have to lie, as in this case, under so gross an imputation for years without correction. It would have been and yet would be most for the Judge's reputation South that this should still remain uncontradicted, though it might not advance a Republican nomination for the Presidency.

Mr. Harlan does justice to Judge M'Lean in another particular. We presume our readers were not aware that Judge M'Lean had the virtue to refuse the $1,000 or $1,500 he might have received for his "valuable dining-room servant." Certainly that was an unusual exhibition of virtue, after he had incurred the guilt and perpetrated the meanness of enslaving him. It seems he has been a slaveholder. We wish his judicial acts would possess [illegible]. But we cannot, notwithstanding his emancipation of these eight or nine slaves to whom Mr. Harlan refers.

The Judge has an admirable facility of accommodating himself to circumstances. It is "a slander" to charge him with being a slaveholder in Ohio, even when circumstances look suspiciously against him. He *is a slaveholder*, so acknowledged by his friend, while he lives in Washington City. He extends slavery and Kentucky slave-laws over Ohio sovereignty—affirms the supremacy of the slave-rendition and the slave-catching law over the law and Constitution of the State; and, for the support of slavery on Ohio soil, puts slave Commissioner Pendery above Judge Parker and the whole State Judiciary; and yet he is opposed to the extension of slavery into Kansas—aspires to the leadership of the host of Non-Extensionists. It perhaps cannot be settled satisfactorily whether or not Judge M'Lean intended to return the woman to Kentucky when he found her worthless for his service. He affirms he did not so intend. The woman represents he did. But his whole judicial life proves him practically one of the most cool and cruel enemies of the slave. From this his acts of individual emancipation in previous years cannot redeem his character. We hope he was not always so bad a man as that proves him now to be.

☞ See letter from Dr. A. Brooke in another column.

NOBLE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

From The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader, April 30.

MANY of our citizens will remember a coloured man by the name of Anderson, for some two or three years a resident of Cleveland. This man was a fugitive from slavery, and had a wife and children who were slaves in Kentucky. About six months since, he left Cleveland, determined, if possible, to rescue them, and fly to Canada. This he found more difficult to accomplish than he had at first believed. His eldest child had been sold to another master, and he found it exceedingly difficult to communicate with his wife without being himself suspected.

Thus six months passed in fruitless endeavours, and he had well-nigh given up in despair, when he had the good fortune to fall in with three other men, mechanics, who had arrived at the very sensible conclusion that they had a right to themselves and their earnings. They joined company, and together arranged their plans for escape. Just at this time matters were precipitated by the intelligence which Anderson received from his wife, that in a few days his youngest child was to be sold to a trader. They fled under cover of night, and succeeded in crossing the Ohio into Indiana.

Not daring to take to the public roads, they for several days pushed on through the woods and by-ways. The weather was exceedingly inclement, and their sufferings from fear, cold and hunger, must have softened the hardest heart. Sometimes a friendly stack of wheat afforded them shelter and food, and again, worn and weary, they sank down exposed to the merciless blast. Darker and darker grew their future. Like the mirage in the desert seemed the bright prospect of freedom which had so gladdened their hearts. Fortunately for them—for there are those both in Indiana and Ohio who would, Heaven forgive them, have cast them into prison, there to await the orders of their self-constituted masters—at this time they fell into the hands of some benevolent Quakers, who relieved their necessities, gave them money, and placed them on the U. G. R. R., which, *en passant*, is at this time under the control of most efficient officers. Last Friday, between Cincinnati and Shelby, they were met by a citizen of Cleveland. He at once recognised Anderson, who related to him the facts given above. Without doubt they are, ere this, quite at home in her Majesty's dominions, haunted by no fear of the driver's whip, or of cruel partings!

ANTHONY BURNS TAKING THE "BULL" BY THE HORNS.

From The Oberlin Evangelist.

ANTHONY BURNS TO REV. JOHN CLARK AND THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT UNION, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.

In answer to my request by mail, under date of July 13, 1855, for a letter of dismission in fellowship and of recommendation to another church, I have received a copy of the *Front Royal Gazette*, dated Nov. 8, 1855, in which I find a communication addressed to myself and signed by John Clark, as pastor of your body, covering your official action upon my request, as follows:

"THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST, AT UNION, FAUQUIER CO., VA.

"To all whom it may concern:

"Whereas, Anthony Burns, a member of this church, has made application to us, by a letter to our pastor, for a letter of dismission, in fellowship, in order that he may unite with another church of the same faith and order; and whereas, it has been satisfactorily established before us that the said Anthony Burns absconded from the service of his master, and refused to return voluntarily—thereby disobeying both the laws of God and man, although he subsequently obtained his freedom by purchase—yet we have now to consider him only as a fugitive from labour (as he was before his arrest and restoration to his master); therefore,

"Resolved, unanimously, That he be excommunicated from the communion and fellowship of this church.

"Done by order of the church, in regular church meeting, this twentieth day of October, 1855.

"WM. W. WEST, Clerk."

Thus you have excommunicated me on the charge of "disobeying both the laws of God and man, in absconding from the service of my master, and refusing to return voluntarily."

I admit that I left my master (so called), and refused to return; but I deny that in this I disobeyed either the law of God or any real law of man.

Look at my case. I was stolen and made a slave, as soon as I was born. No man had any right to steal me. That manstealer who stole me trampled on my dearest rights. He committed an outrage on the law of God; therefore his man-stealing gave him no right to me, and laid me under no obligation to be his slave. God made me a man—not a slave; and gave me the same right to myself that he gave the man who stole me to himself. The great wrongs he has done me, in stealing me and making me a slave, in compelling me to work for him many years without wages, and in holding me as merchandise—these wrongs could never put me under obligation to stay with him, or to return voluntarily, when once escaped.

You charge me that, in escaping, I disobeyed God's law. No, indeed! That law which God wrote on the table of my heart, inspiring the love of freedom, and impelling me to seek it at every hazard, I obeyed; and by the good hand of my God upon me, I walked out of the house of bondage.

I disobeyed no law of God revealed in the Bible. I read in Paul (1 Cor. 7: 21), "But if thou mayest be free, use it rather." I read in Moses (Deut. 23: 15, 16). "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best; thou shall not oppress him." This implies my right to flee if I feel myself oppressed, and debars any man from delivering me again to my professed master.

I said I was stolen. God's word declares, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death" (Ex. 21: 16). Why did you not execute God's law on the man who stole me from my mother's arms? How is it that you trample down God's law against the oppressor, and wrest it to condemn me, the innocent and oppressed? Have you forgotten that the New Testament classes "menstealers" with "murderers of fathers" and "murderers of mothers," with "manslayers and whoremongers"? (1 Tim. 1: 9, 10.)

The advice you volunteered to send me, along with the sentence of excommunication, exhorts me, when I shall come to preach like Paul, to send every runaway home to his master, as he did Onesimus to Philemon. Yes, indeed, I would, if you would let me. I would love to send them back as he did, "not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother—a brother beloved—both in the flesh and in the Lord"; both a brother-man and a brother-Christian. Such a relation would be delightful—to be put on a level, in position, with Paul himself. "If thou count me, therefore, a partner, receive him as myself." I would to God that every fugitive had the privilege of returning to such a condition—to the embrace of such a Christianity—"not now as a servant, but above a servant," a "partner," even as Paul himself was to Philemon!

You charge me with disobeying the laws of men. I utterly deny that those things which outrage all right are laws. To be real laws, they must be founded in equity.

You have thrust me out of your church fellowship. So be it. You can do no more. You cannot exclude me from heaven; you cannot hinder my daily fellowship with God.

You have used your liberty of speech freely in exhorting and rebuking me. You are aware that I too am now where I may think for myself, and can use great freedom of speech too, if I please. I shall therefore be only returning the favour of your exhortation if I exhort you to study carefully the golden rule which reads, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." Would you like to be stolen? and then sold? and then worked without wages? and forbidden to read the Bible? and be torn from your wife and children? and then, if you were able to make yourself free, and should, as Paul said, "use it rather," would you think it quite right to be cast out of the church for this? If it were done, so wickedly, would you be afraid God would endorse it? Suppose you were to put your soul in my soul's stead; how would you read the law of love?

ANTHONY BURNS.

REVIVING THE SLAVE TRADE.

WHILE the Kansas-Nebraska bill was under discussion, *The Tribune* suggested, among other arguments against it, that to yield up the Missouri prohibition would only lead to new demands of the same sort; and the repeal of the acts prohibiting the African slave trade was suggested as a thing which, encouraged by success, the South might ultimately demand. What was then thrown out on our part only as a possibility, or at most a probability, while it was sneered at, by many of the advocates or apologists for the Kansas-Nebraska bill, as an extravagant and absurd exaggeration, dictated by a heated fancy, almost [illegible] of that evil became a positive fact. Numerous journals of the South—and leading ones, too—began to speak out openly in favour of the revival of the African slave trade, which now forms in the Southern newspapers a regular topic of frequent discussion.

A correspondent of *The Charleston Standard* gives, in several letters, an account of his observations along the Ashley River, between which and the river Cooper that city is built. In these letters he has much to say of the evidences he everywhere met with of a former wealth and prosperity which has now ceased to exist; and he closes his correspondence with a discussion of the causes which, for fifty years past, have kept South Carolina stationary or declining. According to his account, the decline of South Carolina and of all the old slave States commenced with the abolition of the African slave trade. He insists that the great evil under which South Carolina labours is a deficiency of labour, of which he finds a striking proof in the fact that wood sells in the Charleston market at five to eight dollars a cord, while abundance of wood-land may be purchased on the Ashley River near by, for three dollars an acre. All the bricks, too, used in Charleston are brought from the North, though the bluffs of Ashley River abound with clay extremely well adapted for making bricks, while there is plenty of wood growing close by, with which to burn them. The suggestion that the Carolina people don't work, he repels with indignation Some of the city slaves, he admits, through the over-indulgence of their masters, do not labour so much as they might. He also notes the existence along the banks of Ashley River of a class of whites "too poor to purchase slaves and too proud to labour with them," "who glide along an uncomfortable half-way level between the two races," and who "by hunting, fishing, grazing cattle on the lands of others, and doing jobs occasionally, manage to procure the means of a precarious subsistence." But as to the plantation slaves, who in those regions outnumber the whites several times over, he insists that *they* are tasked to their utmost capacity; while the merchants of Charleston and the men who have the charge of the plantations are, if we believe him, among the most laborious men in existence.

The difficulty is, according to his account, that South Carolina is constantly drained of her labour by the new planting States of the West, which it becomes absolutely necessary to settle in order to keep up the balance of power, since it would never do to allow a new Northern non-slaveholding State to come into the Union without having a new Southern slaveholding State by which to offset it. In order to relieve South Carolina from this double duty of finding labour for herself and labour also for a constant extension of the Frontier, *The Standard's* correspondent proposes, and *The Standard* itself is ready to second the motion, to revive the African slave trade, so as to furnish the planters in the new States with an ample supply of cheap labour, and to leave the old States to keep their own labour at home to be devoted to domestic improvements. Such is the channel in which Southern ideas are now beginning to run, and it would be useless to attempt to divert them from it by any appeal to humanity or conscience, or by any exposure of the errors involved in this new diganosis of the vital decline with which the older slaveholding States are affected. As to humanity and conscience, they are easily quieted, and indeed enlisted on the side of the slave trade, by the new Southern doctrine that to be owned by somebody else is the most suitable and beneficial condition for a labouring man of any colour, and especially for a black man, to which is to be added—if we really suppose that the Africans have souls to save—the inestimable advantage of being brought within the range of Christianity South.

As to the economical question, it is obvious that no small portion of the recent rapid advancement of the North is to be ascribed to the great influx among us of emigrants from Europe, and it naturally enough seems to our Southern brethren a very bright idea to offset this voluntary immigration to the North of free labourers from Europe by a corresponding transportation to the South of involuntary immigrants from Africa. Indeed, on the basis of the new doctrine of the "equality of the States," as they facetiously call it, lately put forth by these Southern brethren of ours—who seem to think that as elder brothers they are entitled to a double share, if not, indeed, to the whole patrimony—this right of importing negroes at pleasure may and no doubt will be set up as absolutely essential to the preservation of that equality. The same logic that proved the Missouri restriction unconstitutional will find little difficulty in proving the prohibition of the African slave trade to be equally unconstitutional For, if the citizens of South Carolina have an indefeasible right to emigrate from South Carolina with such "property" as they possess there into any of the Territories of the Union, it can hardly be denied that the same citizens of South Carolina have a right to return to South Carolina from foreign parts with all the "property" acquired in those parts, Africa included. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect that if, in the coming Presidential election, Pierce, Douglas, and the rest of that party are to be sustained by the North in having made a voluntary gift of Kansas to the slaveholders, that their next move may be, and that without waiting to be urged to it, to open Kansas to slaves, not from the slave States only, but from Africa also.—*Tribune.*

A GLOOMY BUT TRUTHFUL PICTURE.

WE love and admire Kentucky. The natural character of her people is frank, manly and generous. The history of her early settlement is a history of heroism and manly achievement. The pioneers of Kentucky were brave and honest. They have left to their children an honourable name and a glorious inheritance.

But, in an evil hour, they permitted a few of their fellow-citizens to introduce into the green hills of the West a class of degraded and ignorant labourers, to employ them in competition with their poorer neighbours. In a new country labour is scarce. The owner of slaves could plant more corn and tobacco than the man who had only his own honest hands to rely upon. The farmer who worked men without paying them could undersell the farmer who had to pay for help. Gradually the poor man became discouraged and dissatisfied. Gradually the rich man became richer and more avaricious. The poor man wanted schools for his children. Slavery wanted no schools! He wanted the society of his equals. Slavery despised him because he owned no slaves. The slaveholder's wife refused to associate with *the labourer's* wife. The planter's daughter refused the addresses of the labourer's son and the visits of the labourer's daughter, except in some instances, and then the planter grieved with bitter lamentation and sadness to see his own children fall into the arms of that ignorance his peculiar institution had created. The noble equality of early Kentucky life has disappeared. Society is divided into classes, with embittered prejudices and opposing interests. The slaveholder despises the slave, the slave despises the poor white man (except where each sees that the system makes them both slaves alike to the same master), the poor white man regards both as his natural enemies. What is the consequence of this unhappy and unnatural division?

Go where you will over the beautiful, undulating surface of Kentucky, and you behold deserted farm-houses falling into decay. Everywhere you meet the long processions of wagons laden with household necessaries, of cattle, of horses, of sturdy farmers with their wives and children, all wending their way to the North-West, but among these processions you never see a negro. Kentucky spurns the best blood of her children. She hugs the negro to her bosom. There are indeed processions of negroes—disgraceful and scandalous processions—handcuffed and fettered, with tearful eyes and sorrowful countenances. These victims of a barbarous and bloody despotism march southward to the music of their own chains. Their feet keep time to the death march of their withered hopes, of their murdered joys, of their despairing memories. Torn from their families and severed forever from the scenes of their humble pleasures and early associations, with no hope of reunion, they go to the pestiferous swamps and dense forests of the South-West, to work in gangs beneath the lash of the brutal overseer, till fever and excessive toil put an end to their sufferings.—*Newport (Ky.) News.*

A WHITE SLAVE.

From The Quincy (Ill.) Republican.

FROM the Palmyra (Mo.) papers we learn the particulars of a slave-catching case which lately occurred there. A female slave of a Mr. Pond, living near Palmyra, ran away, and, after several days' search, she was captured on the ferry-boat crossing from Missouri to Quincy. She had been kept at the house of a Mr. Davis, a German, in Palmyra, for a few days, and brought thence by Scheible, another German, to the ferry-boat opposite this city. When she was taken back to Palmyra, both Germans and a free negro were imprisoned.

Upon the examination of Scheible, he alleged that he did not know the girl was a slave, as she was white. Several gentlemen were called on the witness stand who testified that they had seen her while she was at Davis's, and thought she was a white woman. After a three days' trial, Scheible was discharged on the ground of his ignorance of her being a slave; but "he found it necessary," *The Palmyra Whig* states, "to leave the country forthwith." We suppose he was in danger of being lynched. Davis is still in jail awaiting his trial, and will, it is intimated, be sent to the Penitentiary.

This case presents the true features of slavery in a strong light. An honest German brings what he supposes to be a white woman in his buggy from Palmyra to Quincy. He is suddenly arrested, thrown into prison, held up to the community as a negrostealer, subjected to a trial, and would have been sent to the State Prison for five years had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that several gentlemen in Palmyra had seen the girl and had the moral courage to come into Court and testify that they believed her to be *a white woman!* And, even after being discharged, the man, for fear of personal violence, had to leave the country, because he did not know that a white woman was a slave!

After this, travellers in Missouri must be cautious whom they ride with. Before a man can safely admit a woman into his carriage, he must insist upon seeing her free papers, or having legal evidence that she is not a slave. Five years in the Penitentiary is no joke as a reward for an ordinary act of kindness. But the subject is really too fearful for irony.

And now we have a word to say to our readers, and especially our German friends. You see the legitimate, the unavoidable fruits of the slave system in our sister State. Do you wish to extend that system into Kansas? Do you wish to incur for yourselves or your friends in the Territory the penalty of five years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, for the extraordinary crime of being unable to distinguish between a white Free woman and a white Slave? Is there not territory enough devoted to this degrading institution? Can you approve, or rather do you not abhor, the measures and the men that have been instrumental in forcing slavery, with all its abominations and horrors, upon the free soil of Kansas? Is it not your solemn duty to oppose them with all your might? If so, then take your stand boldly, and never cease your exertions till the returns in November show an overwhelming Anti-Nebraska majority in this county and district.

PETITION FOR THE REMOVAL OF LORING.

The Liberator states that the following petition may be found at the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston for signatures:

To the Honourable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled.

The undersigned, citizens of this Commonwealth, respectfully represent that His Excellency, Governor Gardner, in his Message of May 10, 1855, in which he declined acceding to the Address of the Legislature for the removal of Judge Loring from the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk, made use of the following language:

"That removal should take place in a way unquestionably constitutional; in such a manner that, while the obnoxious individual is removed from his public post, no precedent is established pregnant with evil to those who may come after him, and so that punishment shall follow only a plain violation of law. Such a course is open for the Legislature to adopt. In both branches an attempt was made to render the holding of the office of Judge of Probate incompatible with that of the Commissionership, under which Judge Loring's action was deemed obnoxious and objectionable."

The undersigned respectfully call the attention of the Legislature to the fact that the attempt to which the Governor alludes was successful, and that, by a law passed May 21, 1855, and under which the Governor has appointed the officers required, it is enacted, section 13th,

"No person who holds any office under the laws of the United States, which qualifies him to issue any warrant or other process, or to grant any certificate under the acts of Congress named in the 9th section of this act, or to serve the same, shall, at the same time, hold any office of honour, trust or emolument under the laws of this Commonwealth."

Your petitioners further represent that the said Edward Greeley Loring does, in defiance of said law of this Commonwealth, continue to hold the office of United States Commissioner, an office which does authorize him to issue the warrants and grant the certificates specified in the above quoted section, and also the office of Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk.

Wherefore, your petitioners respectfully ask that you will take measures, by an Address to His Excellency, or by such other method as to your Honourable Body may seem best, for the removal of said Loring from his office as Judge aforesaid.

THE INFAMOUS COOLY TRADE.

IT is refreshing to hear the outburst of feeling upon this disentombed iniquity. It is good to see that the stealing of man from his home, under the pretence of bettering his condition, the confining of a thousand at a time in the stifling hold of a ship, the extorting of enforced labour on the ground of paying for their voyage, until the miserable wretches commit suicide a dozen at a time, awakens horror. The piety engaged in it is trying to hide itself from daylight. Boston would gladly wash her hands clean of the iniquity. Nobody dare stand up and chink his gain of blood in the public ear. Shipowners of our city connected with the infamy, however strong in pecuniary influence, have to quail under public indignation and rebuke, till the iniquity is purged out.

All this is well. Thomas Arnold used to say, "I do not want to see articles on religious subjects half so much as articles on common subjects in a religious spirit." Righteousness is walking through the streets, looking in at the stores, examining the ship cargoes, criticising the principles of trade. Christianity, it is felt, is to be tested not by creeds and ceremonies, but by daily actions, the whole spirit of worldly intercourse. How long will it remain that slave labour in the guano is so frightful, while corresponding toil in rice swamps excites no feeling? Will the suicides of these poor Chinese create such a hue and cry, while a Southern mother's murder of her child, to save it from slavery, inspires no sympathy? Can that confined sea voyage from China be really so appalling, while the countless miseries of the human droves in our own country awaken no emotion?

We thank God that humanity has made so much progress in rebuking oppression. We want to see it make a great deal more. Colour must be disregarded entirely in questions of right and wrong—the accident of birthplace vanish out of sight; so, too, the time in which the injury has been consummating its ruin. We would not say people are not sincere, but they certainly are not consistent in inveighing against the systematic cruelties wrought upon Chinese labourers, and shutting their eyes to the greater cruelties practised nearer home, to the crimes perpetrated without remorse on a helpless but not "perishing class," to the pollution of coloured females, the general degradation of the coloured mind, the rupture of family ties, the nameless wrongs of an institution which not only darkens our name abroad, but threatens our very existence as a nation.—*Boston Christian Register.*

A KIDNAPPER'S ATTORNEY FOR AN ORATOR.

Boston Correspondence of The Tribune.

I AM afraid that I was a little too fast in asking for your congratulations on the excalcitration of Mayor Smith from the City Hall here, and on the change that had taken place in the complexion of our Government. I am afraid that there is not much choice between them and their predecessors. Whom do you think our civic fathers have selected, out of the entire population of Boston, to glorify the Declaration of Independence on the next Fourth day of July? One of Suttle's counsel—one of the tools of that impudent negrocatcher, when he came after Burns! Not Judge Loring; no, no, not so bad as that; nor yet Benjamin F. Hallett, or Seth J. Thomas (whom I see *The Telegraph* recommends as reader of the Declaration of Independence), but the junior counsel, a poor, obscure, insignificant creature, who caught at this infamous job as the means of present fee and future notoriety. The fellow's name is Parker—Edward G. Parker—which was never heard before, and probably never will be again, unless another slave is to be caught. And he is the chosen among men to discourse of Liberty in the ears of the men of Boston! What would old Sam Adams say could he return to the earth? Had it been Dr. Smith's City Council, one would not have wondered at it. He in the chair, Hallet or Thomas reading the Declaration, Loring on his right hand, the Sims Brigade, under Gen. Edmands, performing escort duty, and this Parker spouting on the stage, would have been all in keeping.

The appointment most indubitably was meant by whoever suggested it as an indorsement of Parker's part in that villany. Of course it was not put forward, and very likely it will be denied that this was the motive. But, though Fourth of July orations do rather go a-begging in these degenerate days, this one could hardly have been reduced to the strait of taking up with Seth J. Thomas's journeyman in that dirty piece of work. Indeed, the excuse made for themselves by the majority of the Council I understand to be, that they had never heard of the man, and did not know that he had any part or lot in the matter—so utter was his obscurity, so profound his insignificance. If this be true—and it is altogether probable—the only thing for them to do is to reconsider their vote and unask him again. It was put through by his friends before any remonstrance could be made; and his acceptance following at once on the heels of the invitation, the nail was clinched before it was known it had been driven. Still it cannot be too late for the Council to pass resolutions reciting the fact they made the appointment in ignorance of his antecedents, and requesting him to resign it This would clear their skirts, whether he complied or not. I trust that petitions will be sent in, asking for this action at once; and, should it not be had, that a Citizen Celebration be held by those who would mark their sense of this insult to all decent men.

This Parker's insignificance stood him in good stead once last Winter. He had been ignorantly invited to lecture at Worcester before some lyceum there, and it was not found out till after it was over who he was. Had it only been known in time, he would probably have had as warm a reception as greeted his fellow-labourer in that vineyard, Butman, who had to be protected on his way to the train by Stephen Foster and Thomas W. Higginson, to save him from the popular violence. But enough of him. Perhaps it would not be a bad idea, if his oration goes forward, to put Theodore Parker against him as the opposition orator, and see which Parker would draw the best. I throw out the suggestion and anybody may pick it up and use it that pleases. BYLES.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

THE STANDARD goes to press this week at so early an hour that we are unable to furnish an account of the American Society's Anniversary. A full report may be expected next week.

ONE IDEA.

WHATEVER may be said or thought of the Abolitionists, one thing is admitted on all hands—that they have made Slavery the one idea of all parties. They used to be accused of being men of One Idea—and to a certain extent it was true. But if this were a malady of a bad type, it has proved, at any rate, to be an epidemic one—for all the other parties have caught it; they are all now One Idea parties. The United States Government has always been under the controlling influence of One Idea; but in the old time it was covered up in a good degree, and it had at least the decency to pay to Liberty the homage of hypocrisy which Vice pays to Virtue. It did not use to make Slavery the open and avowed object of its protection and comfort. It professed to have other purposes at least, and to consult the general good of the whole country, and the parties which were struggling to get the control of it turned on other questions than the Monopoly in Man's flesh and the Protection of Negro-breeding. To be sure, Slavery always lurked underneath the fairest professions, ready to spring out and compel both parties to do its pleasure in the hope of receiving its weight on the one side or the other of the trembling balance. It always had its way and worked its will, whatever were the schemes which fermented in men's minds; only then it had not been compelled into the light of day and forced to avow openly its designs and to defy the decency, the common sense and the humanity of the Civilized World. This state of things we may fairly challenge as the fruit of the Anti-Slavery Movement, because it is attributed to us by our enemies, who may be believed when testifying in our favour.

It is true that the attribution is not made in a complimentary spirit. We are accused of having thrown the apple of Discord into a harmonious household—of having applied the torch to the temple of our common faith—of having laid waste the fraternal heritage we had received from a common fatherhood. Where all was peace and concord thirty years ago, all is strife and contention now. The Era of Good Feeling has gone by. The Era of Angry Passions and Fierce Discontents has succeeded in its place.

"And all this progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissensions."

Well, we admit the fact. We acknowledge the charge. The Abolitionists have been the means, under Providence, of bringing this change over the face of our affairs. And not only so: they have done it of good set purpose, of malice aforethought, and they are very well pleased with their work. Not that they originally fully comprehended the task they had undertaken or the disturbance it would produce as it went on. It was hidden from them in their days of small beginnings how stormy their voyage was to be, how many of their idols they would have to throw overboard, through how many rocks and shelves they would have to thread their way, what greedy deaths would look ready to devour them from every new wave that rushed roaring down upon them. Perhaps this was done in mercy, or they might have flinched at the outset and never undertaken their glorious adventure. But, lashed to the wheel, their eyes fixed on the polar star of Duty, their ears sealed against the fatal songs of the sirens that would lure them to their destruction on many a lee-shore, they have steered right onward, bating no jot of heart or hope. And amid all the tempestuous skies that overhang their course, and through the storm of the elements around, they are confident that they see the omens of a smoother sea, lighted by more propitious stars, brooded over by a true spirit of peace, calm and happiness, into which they will yet glide, as they draw nearer and nearer to the blessed haven for which they steer.

The night must indeed grow darker before the dawning begins to brighten, "the sea and the waves roaring" must wax yet fiercer and fiercer; but we are all the more certain that we are on the right course, and that the arm which has guided us thus far will not be shortened for our speeding. For a long time, if not from the very first moment of the Movement, the Abolitionists have foreseen the disturbance which the endangering of Slavery must work, and by the very writhings and threatenings in which it seeks relief they estimate the truth of their aim and the smart of the wounds they have dealt to it. At the very first, perhaps, it seemed so very plain a matter that humane persons may have entered into the cause in the faith that a simple statement of the case would be sufficient to induce the Slaveholders to let go their hold on their victims. But a very little experience taught them that it was not through ignorance that the King of the South exalted himself over God's Image, nor yet that the King of the North upheld and supported him in his tyrannies. It was by slow degrees that they came to see how entwined Slavery was with Church and State—how it lay coiled up under every communion table, and was ready to dart from every Capitol and Court-house. It took some time for them to learn that the American Church loved Slavery better than Christianity, and that the American State regarded the protection of Slavery, and not of Liberty, as the chief end of its existence. It has been the main mission of the Anti-Slavery Movement to teach the American People these great truths—to expose to their sight the false gods they were worshipping—to point out to them the way of escape—to warn them to flee from the wrath to come—and to preach in their ears the Gospel of Emancipation, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. They have had the usual fate of apostles. Their word has been denied and hated; they have been despised and rejected of men; they have been persecuted from city to city, and all manner of evil has been said of them for righteousness' sake. But then they have had also the reward of apostles, in seeing the seed they have scattered abroad gradually take root—of discerning the sure working of the leaven through the whole lump—of recognising the slow and unwilling, yet certain, reception of their ideas into the general mind.

It was by virtue of their One Idea that they have been thus led on from strength to strength, and from light to light. It has been their guide, philosopher and friend. It made startling revelations, but they were revelations that stood every test of truth that could be applied to them. It was hard to be obliged to regard the Church as the Bulwark of Slavery, and to be forced to abandon all hope of its becoming the instrument of the spread of the Gospel which is to make all men free. It was hard, too, to discover that Slavery had been so enshrined in the Constitution of the Country—in the Holy of Holies of our Temple of Liberty—that it was impossible to perform the slightest service, even in the outermost courts, without laying incense on its altar and acknowledging its rightful rule and just supremacy. And at both these points of our progress, as at many others, many were offended, aggrieved and walked with us no more. But our wisdom—or rather our simplicity—has been justified by the results, and multitudes are beginning to see that our remedy is the rightful one, after all. They may resolve to try this or that half measure first, and to see whether this knot cannot be undone in some way without cutting it; but the number of those who recognise the absolute rightfulness of the Disunion position, and the very probable necessity of their taking it up as their next step, is daily increasing. We have forced the Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery parties to acknowledge the identity of Slavery and the Union. They are employed as equivalent terms, and a Union man and a supporter of Slavery are used as synonymes. Even Senator Wilson and Governor Chase do not propose interfering with Slavery as far as it is guarded by the Constitution; and we have yet to learn that either of them, or any man ever in Congress (except Mr. Gerrit Smith), has ever denied that the Constitution provides for the recapture of fugitive slaves, in some way or other, and for the putting down of servile insurrections by the arm of the Nation. Men capable of reasoning from effects to causes, and from causes to effects, must learn, in course of time, that Slavery can no more be limited by geographical lines than a pestilence can; that the attempt might be as wisely made to confine the cholera or the yellow fever within the bounds of the Slaveholding States, by a parchment and by votes, as to keep the influence of Slavery there. It is a devil that can be kept by no conjuration within any circle, however magical.

The One Idea of Anti-Slavery has evoked the antagonistic One Idea of Slavery. There is no pretence of any other spring to our State machine—of any other breath in our political nostrils—than Slavery. The next Presidential Election, for the first time since we had one, will turn on the question of Slavery directly. The Republican party has endeavoured to eliminate everything from its creed except the bare question of Freedom in Kansas. And, as a political party, it is wise in its generation; for success is, of course, its first object, and for that end it must make its terms of enlistment as broad as possible, so as to admit and to invite the largest pos ible number of recruits. But, let it be as guarded as it may, it is Slavery, and Slavery alone, that is in question. If its leaders wish to succeed, it is only by Anti-Slavery preaching that they can do so. Their weakness lies in the insufficient Abolitionizing of the people. The masses of the people have not a due sense of the horrors nor of the dangers of Slavery. Their hostility to its introduction into Kansas rests too much on selfish grounds, and too little on broad and enduring principles. That the fight in Kansas itself is but a conflict of Selfishnesses, is but too plain from the Black Laws, by which the Free State men seem as ready to abide as the Border Ruffians. We have our doubts whether they are made of the stuff of which the champions of Liberty must be formed. We are afraid that there lacks that strength of Anti-Slavery principle in the ranks of the Anti-Kansas party every where which is sufficient even to the work they have undertaken. The enemy have a principle of action—a diabolical and infernal one, to be sure—which has energy and vitality in it. They have all the advantage which a One Idea gives to those who are possessed with it—the advantage of unity of purpose, of spirit and of measures. We believe that they will prevail in the battle which is about to be joined. The Slavery party can only be met and defeated by men who hate Slavery above all things and who refuse to hold any measures with it. Slavery cannot be overthrown—we do not believe that it can be checked even—except by Revolution. Politics are altogether unequal to the occasion. When men are ready for Revolution, they will see the way of their deliverance open clearly before them. Revolutions do not come of calculations. They are not cyphered out with a slate and pencil, or arrived at by the state of a trial balance. They come from the depths of the heart. They ride on the wings of mighty passions. It takes long to prepare the way before them; but when they come, they are irresistible. Men are not yet educated to this point. All their efforts are hampered and they fight in fetters. And we fear that their struggles will have no happy result, except that of teaching them a more excellent way. It is the business of the Abolitionists to show them this better way and to urge them to accept it as the only way of escape. It is to urge this their One Idea that they have met together in this City, this week, and it is this One Idea which must inform and in

his planting and watering. He further stated that, though he had published a large number of books, he was in receipt of no income from that source, having given away the copyrights of several for benevolent and other purposes.

"It seems the Doctor, in his last Thanksgiving discourse, shocked the morbidly tender sensibilities of some of his members, by touching on the Kansas question. Three or four left the church, it is said, during the delivery of the discourse. Since that time, a growing dissatisfaction has been evinced, and the homily of Sunday was levelled at the malcontents."

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1856.

Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.

DEAR SIR: I thank you for your courteous notice of my Bible enterprise. The more you see of it, the more, I hope, you will approve it.

Allow me, however, to correct one misapprehension, within the same circle through which your notice has diffused it. You speak of "Daniel Webster's dying *endorsement*" of the SERMON ON THE MOUNT as "singularly out of place," and say, very truly, that this Sermon "does not stand in need of anybody's endorsement." But, I did not *say* endorsement, and did not *mean* endorsement, and had no thought of such a thing. The difference between the Divine Being, whom you style "the Prophet of Nazareth," and Daniel Webster is greater, I presume, in my estimation, than in yours. I used the words, "Daniel Webster's dying testimony," meaning *confession* rather than *endorsement*. As a *dying sinner*, he acknowledged the *Divine origin and power of this Sermon*. The "*very depth of* [his] *conscience*" had echoed its appeals all his life long. Therefore, that sentence was *italicised*.

The demand for the TRACT is great and increasing; or, rather, the first edition of 4,000 copies is exhausted; another is in press, and will be distributed at once; and a handsome, leaded, stereotype edition is in preparation for still wider circulation. This will be on fine paper, with various improvements for convenient usefulness. In this edition, the heading of the page you refer to reads thus, "Daniel Webster's Dying Testimony, or *Every One's Experience*." So you see that I have already tried to prevent, in future, such an impression as you, and perhaps others, have received from the heading as first printed.

The truth is, no logic, no argument, no process of reasoning, is necessary to confirm the Divine authority of the Sermon on the Mount. Living or dying, every sinner's *conscience* assures him that his God addresses him in those searching truths.

Very respectfully yours, T. H. STOCKTON.

We publish Mr. Stockton's letter with great pleasure—the more so because his explanation seems to us to confirm the sentiment we expressed as to the unfitness of placing Daniel Webster's words—whether called an "endorsement" or a "testimony"—makes little difference—on the title-page of the Sermon on the Mount. If his experience is "*every* one's experience," then plainly there is no need that the record of it should stand in such a connection. It *looks* like an effort to commend the sermon to notice by force of Mr. Webster's opinion, and *seems* to imply that the internal evidence of its inspiration is so deficient as to need the support of external authority. We think that evidence so clear as to render any such "testimony" altogether superfluous, and, in such a connection, impertinent.

SHARP DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

THE telegraph reports as follows a debate in the Senate, which occurred on the 2d inst. There is nothing else in the proceedings of Congress for the past week that is worthy of special notice.

Mr. BENJAMIN, of Louisiana, said that three times within the short history of this Republic had its internal peace been imperilled, and each time the disturbing element was the same. When, in 1854, it was finally agreed to repeal, in terms, that which for more than a quarter of a century had ceased to have any active effect, such formal repeal was used as a ground for vituperation towards the South. She was accused of violating plighted faith with very much the same regard for truth which has recently been observed here in mendacious tales regarding Kansas affairs. The seeking for other compromises than those in the Constitution was a mistaken policy on the part of the South; and, thank Heaven, the South has, at length, become aware of her error. She has no longer any compromise to offer or to accept. She would adhere to the Constitution; and if its provisions be violated to her injury, then she would calmly, but resolutely, withdraw from the compact, all the obligations of which she is expected scrupulously to fulfil, and from all the benefits of which she is ignominiously repulsed. He contended that the crusade against slavery, on the part of the North, was merely a struggle for power. They had been so persistently misled by perversion of the truth as to induce them almost to hate the Southern white man, and love the black, in preference. In condemning the American party, he remarked that it was now powerless for aught but mischief and to help the Republicans, the contest being narrowed down between the latter and the Democracy; and, the Whig party being extinct, he declared it to be his purpose to join the Democratic party, and use his utmost efforts to insure its success, following the example of better and abler men than himself. He predicted that, in the triumph of the Democratic party, the Constitution would be secured, good feeling restored, intolerance rebuked, the equality of the States maintained, the cornerstone of Government fabric preserved intact, and peace and happiness smile upon the land.

Mr. CASS complimented Mr. Benjamin, saying that the sentiments he had just uttered ought to find a response in every patriotic heart. His object in rising was to say that his friend from Mississippi (Mr. Brown) had assailed "Squatter Sovereignty," his old friend (laughter), and several of Brown's scathing weapons had hit him (laughter). This "Squatter Sovereignty" he called the right to self government. It was dear to our fathers of '76, and dear to their descendants of '56. He waited to rescue it from the misrepresentations cast upon it, and asked the favour of the floor on Thursday next for that purpose (cries —"Agreed," "agreed").

Mr. SEWARD, in reply to that portion of Mr. Benjamin's remarks which respected himself, said the gentleman might have defined his own partisan history and future course without bringing him before the Senate and the country. Seven years ago, when he entered the Senate, being aware that every word he said here was at the expense of time and money belonging to the country, he had announced that on no occasion, and under no circumstances, should any member draw from him a statement or word by which, independently of the measures he maintained or defended, it could be known whether he was a Whig, Democrat or Abolitionist, or that he belonged to one party or another. He thought it undignified thus to elevate party, and give it a place in the history of the Senate. He had not risen to assign the objects or purposes of his public action. They explain themselves; if they do not, he was willing to rest under all the reproach which posterity might cast on him.

Mr. HALE, alluding to what, he said, were grossly personal attacks on him in Mr. Clay's recent speech, remarked that he had but one word to submit in reply—that it will take something besides malignity to redeem imbecility from contempt.

Mr. CLAY, of Alabama (springing to his feet, greatly excited)—I defy the Senator's malice as much as I contemn his baseness. No man shall assail my rights or those of my constituents, and shirk his responsibility by skulking behind the plea of non-combatancy. If he were animated by those heroic feelings which he professes, he would not come upon this floor, and, under the protection of its rules, seek immunity for his insolence. I know he is pleased by this attention. There are those of his class who, like the London attorney, Mark Meddle, in the play, are ambitious for a kick (sensation). Mr. Clay concluded by remarking that he had nothing more to say to that Senator, having twice declined his acquaintance; and he asked pardon of the Senate for consuming so much time about a Senator who soils the carpet upon which he treads.

Mr. HALE replied that he had never sought an introduction to Mr. Clay but once, and that was on professional business for the benefit of a citizen of Alabama.

Mr. CLAY rejoined that he did not think his reputation for veracity would suffer by comparison with one who had repeatedly eaten his own words.

Mr. HALE replied that, if he did eat his own words, he would have a more palatable meal than the Senator from Alabama if he should undertake to eat his (laughter).

KANSAS MATTERS.—The pro-slavery party in Kansas is evidently bent upon getting up another war with the Free State men. The latter, as is well known, refuse obedience to the laws enacted and the officers appointed by the Border Ruffian Legislature, but stand ready to obey the United States authorities. On a recent occasion, Mr. Jones, acting as Sheriff of Douglas County under an appointment from the aforesaid Legislature, undertook to make certain arrests in Lawrence, the head-quarters of the Free State party, evidently for the purpose of compelling the Free State men to carry out their principles by resisting his authority, and thus furnishing Gov. Shannon with an excuse for sending for United States troops. The Lawrence people, in the quietest manner possible, disregarded his authority, when the troops were sent for by Shannon. Col. Sumner, with great reluctance, and only in obedience to orders previously received from the President, sent a detachment of the military, which was at Lawrence at the last advices. Sheriff Jones, on returning to the place, under cover of the troops, was shot by some unknown person in the dark, and at last accounts was lying in a very critical position, though it was thought he would recover. The people of Lawrence condemn this act of violence in unmeasured terms, and Robinson, the Free State Governor, has issued his proclamation offering a reward for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator.

The Congressional Committee is sitting in Lawrence, being engaged in the work for which it was appointed.

POLITICS.

The Nebraska Democrats of Illinois have nominated Wm. A. Richardson, the defeated candidate for Speaker, for Governor. He is a confederate of Douglas.

——Hon. Solomon G. Haven, formerly Mr. Fillmore's law partner, in a letter to the Boston *Traveller*, expresses his belief that the latter will accept the Know-Nothing nomination. This announcement is at least semi-official.

——Sam Houston has gone to Texas. He is preparing, it is said, to announce himself as an independent candidate for the Presidency, and to "stump" the Union, speaking in every State Capital. His trump card is Sailors' Rights and opposition to the decisions of the Naval Reform Board.

——The Know-Nothing Split Convention (composed of seceders from the regular Order, who went off at the time of Fillmore's nomination) will be held in this City on Thursday, June 12. The call is signed by representatives from twenty States and Territories. The Convention will nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, and the Free State Know-Nothings are earnestly requested to be present by Delegates.

——The Conventions of the various parties, for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President, are to be held as follows:

1. Radical Abolitionists, Syracuse, May 28.
2. Democratic National Convention, Cincinnati, June 2.
3. American Party (anti-Fillmore) Convention, New York, June 12.
4. Republican Convention, Philadelphia, June 17.
5. National Straight Whig Convention, Louisville, July 4.

——Com. Stockton, it is well known, was a candidate for Presidential honours at the hands of the Know-Nothings. After the nomination of Fillmore, a movement was made in New Jersey to bring out the Commodore as an independent candidate. The Commodore himself, however, in a letter to the Newark *Mercury*, says the movement has been abandoned, and takes occasion to declare that he "unequivocally condemns the repeal of the Missouri Compromise." He adds: "I do hope that the people of New Jersey will have an opportunity (not embarrassed by other issues) to manifest their disapprobation of the indefensible violation of that compact of peace." This looks as if the valiant Commodore had made up his mind to support the Republican ticket. *Perhaps* he indulges the hope that this avowal will make him the Presidential candidate of that party!

——The Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in a letter to *The Ashtabula Sentinel*, contradicts an assertion of *The Union* that he had written or instigated articles opposing the nomination of Col. Fremont for the Presidency. He says:

"I have never intimated an unkind feeling toward him, nor of opposition to his election. On the contrary, I have constantly said that I would sustain him, with the greatest pleasure, if he holds to the right and duty of Congress to exclude slavery from our territories, and receives the nomination. This rule I apply to every candidate, and I do not believe the people will either support or nominate any man whose views on this subject shall be withheld from the public. Nor will the people be willing to receive the assurance of myself, or of other individuals, in regard to the views of candidates. The views of each should be expressed by his past conduct, or by distinct avowal over his own signature. We cannot afford to be deceived at this important crisis.

"When I say I have expressed no hostility to any candidate, I will add I have expressed no choice in favour of any individual. But I stand pledged to support the Philadelphia nominee, if he be openly committed to our policy. If such candidate be nominated, his election may be regarded as certain; while any attempt of the Philadelphia Convention to follow past examples by taking a candidate whose opinions are uncertain and unknown must insure defeat.

"Our candidate must command support because his principles are *known to be right*, and not for the reason that his friends don't know whether they are right or wrong. Let Judge McLean or Col. Fremont, or any other man spoken of, be the nominee because of his adhesion to these principles, and he will be elected. Without such adherence, I apprehend defeat must await him."

Mr. Giddings, then, is willing to have the election turn upon the single issue of the exclusion or non-exclusion of slavery from the Territories, and to take Judge McLean, in spite of his outrageous decisions in favour of the Fugitive Slave law, as a candidate for the Presidency! We confess that we were hardly prepared for this from *that* quarter.

——It is confidently affirmed in various quarters that President Pierce and Senator Douglas have entered into a conspiracy to prevent the nomination of Buchanan by the Cincinnati Convention. In order to effect their object, the cry is set up that he is not thoroughly committed to the new doctrines of the party on the slavery question—doctrines which have sprang up out of recent events, during his absence from the country. It is believed that, unless he makes a fresh avowal of his devotion to the Slave Power, his cunning rivals will rob him of the coveted prize, bestowing it upon some Southern man—say Rust of Texas, or Hunter of Virginia. A letter from Washington to Bennett's *Herald* contains the following, which our readers may take at their own estimate of its credibility:

"A self-appointed committee of notorious opponents of James Buchanan to the Presidency is to leave this city for Lancaster, in the course of the week, with prepared documents and speeches, accompanied by a reporter to take down particulars of what is contemplated to be an interesting interview. The proper treatment of this minion—although one of their number is to be an ex-United States Senator—should be a refusal on the part of Mr. Buchanan to extend to them further notice than politeness would suggest, accompanied by a refusal to reply to their designedly evil communications, which, hopes are entertained, may prove injurious to his interests with the South. The dread of any longer silence by the ex-Minister, on the subjects of the day, is sensibly apparent in this neighbourhood."

"J. S. P.," the sagacious correspondent of *The Tribune*, thinks it is all over with Buchanan. He says:

"Mr. Buchanan has budded, bloomed and gone to seed quicker than any candidate ever did before him. The engineers of the Nebraska rascality will not hearken to the proposition that a Northern outsider shall come in and run away with the prize they have debauched themselves to obtain. If neither Pierce nor Douglas can get the nomination, they will combine their forces to have a Southern man nominated, so that at the next turn of the wheel the nomination will come North again for the benefit of their crowd. Pierce will hate to relinquish his hopes of a renomination, and will resist it to the last, but the South will commend and flatter and then desert him on grounds of expediency. The same reasons that will be fatal to Pierce will cause the setting aside of Douglas, who will be appeased by what he will be told is the good time coming. Those Northern patriots, therefore, who stand ready to indorse any doctrine and back any policy and support any candidate for the privilege of holding place, had better begin their adoration in a less specific form."

A HARD HIT.—Senator Clay, of Alabama, in his recent speech in the Senate on the Slavery question, cited the following extract from Mr. Sumner's Faneuil Hall Speech of last Autumn:

"Fellow-citizens, I have said enough to stir you, but this humiliating tale is not yet finished. An *oligarchy*, seeking to maintain an outrage like slavery, and drawing its inspiration from this fountain of wickedness, is naturally base, false, and heedless of justice. It is in vain to expect that men who have screwed themselves to become the propagandists of this enormity will be restrained by any compromise, compact, bargain, or plighted faith. As the less is contained in the greater, so there is no vileness of dishonesty, no denial of human rights, that is not plainly involved in the support of an institution which begins by changing man, created in the image of God, into a chattel, and sweeps little children away to the auction block."

Upon this pungent text, the Alabama Senator offered the following commentary. We italicise a sentence, to which we wish to direct the particular attention of our readers.

"What more of defamation, vituperation, and vilification could be expressed or conceived? What worse could be uttered of Barbary corsairs or West India buccaneers? What Christian or civilized nation would form alliances with such monsters of iniquity, much less fraternize with them as members of the same political family, united by common interests and devoted to the same civil destiny? What man of the least share of the virtues which constitute the grace and worth of manhood would take such miscreants to his bosom as friends, or recognise them as associates? *And yet those who profess to abhor and contemn us when speaking behind our backs to a Northern audience, here, on this floor, and in this city, seek the society, and, when permitted, make the acquaintance, of slaveholders, salute them as equals, cordially grasp their hands as friends, and court their favour with abject sycophancy!*"

We do not know that Mr. Sumner was hit by this retort, but there *are* Northern men who ought to feel it keenly. If the North were indeed *in earnest for freedom*, she would no more consent to a governmental copartnership with slaveholders than an honest man would consent to share the same bed with a thief or a pickpocket. Down with a Union which seeks to fraternize Liberty with Slavery, Truth with Falsehood, Christ with Belial!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 624.—*Contents:* The Minister Von Stein; New Orleans Sixty Years Since; Waiter; A Rogue's Life—Chaps. 2 and 3; The Hofrath of Gafrath; John and Jonathan; Our False Position with America; The Son of the Nephew; Son of Napoleon III.; The Horoscope; Poland; A Plea for M. Kossuth; Answer of the Times; Palmerston and Poland; Poetry; Short Articles. 343 Broadway.

COLOURPHOBIA AND ITS FRUITS.

"W. C. N.," in *The Liberator*, furnishes us with the following statements of fact, illustrating the inhuman spirit of colourphobia:

A seminary of learning in Connecticut, "the land of steady habits and blue laws," has rewarded the persevering efforts of a young coloured student by an admission to its privileges, which has so stirred up the feelings of some of its members that they have resorted to the practice of a series of annoyances and insults towards him, requiring the head of a philosopher and the heart of a Christian to withstand. Ambitious, however, as he is, for these attainments, our anticipation is that he will ere long conquer their prejudices, and become himself all the more valiant and better cultivated by the attrition.

Here follows the latest, from the Empire State. A friend writes:

"I arrived in Rochester, N. Y., about 3 o'clock. The cars did not proceed any further that night, on account of the snow. I went first to Congress Hall, kept by Mr. Walbridge. I asked him for a night's lodging, and said I would pay him for it, as I was a stranger in the place. He took hold and pushed me out of the door. After that I went to three other public houses, and they all refused me a night's lodging. I then met a man, and he asked me where I was going. I told him that I was a stranger in Rochester, and was from Boston, and was going to Canada. He told me to follow him, and he carried me to the Railroad depôt, and said I could sit there, for he was afraid I would freeze. He left and went away. Soon after he was gone, a man came in and wanted to know what I was doing there that time of night. I told him how I had been treated. There was a white woman and child there also. He asked her the same question, but told her to go with him and he would find her a place, and told me to walk. It was then near 12 o'clock, snowing and very cold. I thought I should certainly freeze, but knew not which way to go. I saw a light at a distance, and followed that. On reaching the house, I knocked at the door with a trembling heart. I told the man who came to the door how I had been walking since the cars came in, and, if he did not give me shelter, I should perish, for I could hardly speak. He was very kind to me, and said he would not turn a dog out of doors that time of night. Those who entertained me were Irish, and proved themselves good Samaritans.

"The next morning, I left R——; and while in the cars, a gentleman came to me, and inquired where I was going. I told him. He said he was at Congress Hall, and saw the keeper push me out of the house. He said he was going through to St. Catherine's, and told me to keep with him and his wife, and I stopped with them all day at the Suspension Bridge. They were very kind. I have heard so much about the kindness shown to coloured people in Rochester that I was disappointed to find such treatment."

Accompanying this statement was a card containing the testimony and initials of those who witnessed most of the above heartless conduct.

Rochester is said to have recently experienced a revival of religion. Such developments of colourphobia would lead one to infer that this dispensation of grace must have been of a "South-side" character.

SENATOR DOUGLAS is offering another bid for Southern support in urging the immediate recognition of Walker's Fillibuster government in Nicaragua. That Walker is an agent of the Slave Power, and that there is a formidable conspiracy to plant slavery in Central America and then to annex the country to the Union, there is no room for doubt. President Pierce, it is said, doubts whether the time has yet arrived for the movement proposed and urged by Douglas, but he will not hesitate to obey the mandate of the slaveholders whenever they shall make known their will.

FREEDOM'S JUBILEE—The coloured people of Auburn are making preparations for celebrating at that place the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Abolition of Slavery in the State of New York, on the 8th of July next. J. W. Loguen is to preside, and addresses will be delivered by F. Douglass and H. Garnet.

NEW MUSIC.—Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, has sent us the following pieces of new music:

1. "We'll all meet again in the morning." Words by H. Clay Preuss—music by Thomas Baker. Price 25 cents. [The subject of this ballad is as follows: "'We'll all meet again in the morning.' It was a beautiful exclamation of a dying child as the red rays of the sunset streamed on him through the window: 'Good bye, Papa, good bye; Mamma has come for me to-night. Don't cry, Papa; we'll all meet again in the morning.' And the heart of that father grew lighter under its burden, for something assured him that his little angel had gone back to the bosom of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come to me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

2. "Castle in the Air" (Mazurka). By Anna V. Montaigne.

3. "The Little Old Cottage." Ballad. Words by W. E. C. Knowles—music by J. H. Pixley, of the Amphions. Price 25 cents. A ballad, beautiful for its simplicity, and pathetically expressing home attachments.

4. "Rose of Mississippi." A Waltz. A finely arranged production for the piano. By S. Markstein. Price 25 cents.

5. "The Old Home of my Childhood." Song and Chorus. By S. M. Grannio, of the Amphions. Price 25 cents. A pleasing production.

6. "Happy Haidee; or, Dream on to-night." By Marshall S. Pike. Price 25 cents. This is a charming melody, giving expression to very pretty words, and can be used as a song and chorus, or as a serenade.

7. "The Kitchen Fire." A Ballad. Words by Smith Ely, Jr. Music by Oscar Schalk. Price 25 cents. Who does not hold in grateful remembrance the generous old "Kitchen Fire," where, under the influence of its genial radiance, we have sported the long evenings of our youthful days! Many thanks to both poet and musician for so beautifully enshrining it in song.

The whole seven pieces will be sold for $1 25.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE, No. 11 (for May), presents us with a great variety of valuable matter, as follows: Henry Fielding's Life, Writings, Times and Contemporaries; The Codex Vaticanus—the oldest Greek Scripture MS.; The Land Shark—a Tale of Van Dieman's Land; The Ranger—by John G. Whittier; Society at Pera, since the Western Invasion; Bayard Taylor's India, China and Japan; Samuel Rogers, and his Treasures; Horses, Hunting and the Turf—four short chapters; Charles Dickens's Readings; Our First Lodgers; Song of the Vermonters—a War Song by J. G. Whittier; Kate Coventry—an Autobiography, Part II.; Science in the Witness Box; Sir John Franklin; Were all the Waverly Novels by Sir Walter Scott; The Bayeux Tapestry Elucidated; Last Moments of Col. Aaron Burr; Doctor Kane's Expedition; The Relations of Science; Lions and Lion Hunting, by Jules Gerard; Passages from the Writings of Thomas Carlyle; The Fortunes of Glencore, by Charles Lever, Part IV.; The Zoological Gardens—from the *Quarterly Review*; A King who could do Wrong (James I.); The Mad Painter; Poetry; Short Articles. Monthly, $3 per annum. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

☞ MR. WATERS AND HIS ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Waters keeps constantly on hand the most extensive variety of Pianos, Melodeons, and other Musical Instruments, which, by adopting strictly the cash system, he is enabled to afford on the most reasonable terms.

The Horace Waters Pianos are among the very best. "We are enabled," says the editor of the *New York Evangelist*, "to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from a personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality." But, besides his own instruments, he keeps constantly on hand those of other manufacturers of established reputation, and also second-hand pianos at prices within the reach of those whose means are limited. Our friends who are in want of sheet music of any variety, or an instrument that may be depended upon as precisely what it is recommended to be, cannot certainly be accommodated more cheaply or satisfactorily than by calling upon our polite and obliging friend, Horace Waters.

☞ AT HOME.—Professor Fowler will deliver the Annual Course of Lectures on PHRENOLOGY in New York during the Anniversaries. Strangers and citizens may find him at his rooms, No. 308 Broadway. Examinations, with charts and full written descriptions of character, daily.

Summary.

Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, one of the most eminent physicians in the country, died on Sunday last. Ex-Governor Troup, of Georgia, died in South Carolina on the 26th ultimo.

Bayard Taylor is engaged on a Cyclopedia of Modern Travel, which is to be completed in June, after which Mr. Taylor will return to Europe, to spend two years, principally in Sweden, Norway and Russia.

THE FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS.—This respectable body of Christians is said to have in the United States 715 meeting-houses, with an aggregate membership of 283,023. In Maryland they have 26 meeting-houses, and 7,760 members; in the District of Columbia 1 meeting-house, and 200 members; in Virginia 14 meeting-houses, and 6 300 members, and in Pennsylvania 141 meeting-houses, and 60,974 members.

STAVE DRESSING MACHINE.—The New Orleans (La.) *Bulletin* notices an ingenious machine for making barrel staves. The stave is cut off from a solid stick of timber, either green or dry, and by a forward and back motion of the curved knives both sides are cut and dressed, and with the required bilge. No previous preparation of the wood, either by steaming or soaking, is required. The staves, as they come from the machine, make so tight a joint that the barrels are perfectly air-tight. They can be made of any thickness and any description of wood, so as to make either tight or dry barrels. They are made with great celerity, as many as 2,000 an hour.

"THE THUNDERER."—The London *Times* was established in 1785 by John Walter, and, on his death, in 1848, inherited by his son John, at present a member of Parliament. The establishment is valued at £750,000 sterling, or $3,750,000. Its editor in chief receives an annual salary of £5,000; and its Paris correspondent 50,000 francs per annum.

FARCE TURNED TO TRAGEDY.—A few days since, some young men in Ligonier, Westmoreland County, Pa., got up a sham duel, but, in loading the weapons, one of the seconds, by carelessness or ignorance, discharged a pistol, the ramrod of which was driven through his hand, causing a serious wound, which will render amputation necessary, even if he should recover, which is considered very doubtful.

FOUR MEN BURIED ALIVE IN A COAL BANK.—A coal bank, a short distance from Zanesville (O.), caved in on Friday last, and shut in four men. An immense number of people at last accounts, were engaged, amid much excitement, in trying to dig them out. The prisoners had a basket of provisions and it was proposed would hold out until rescued, although they were nearly a fourth of a mile from the mouth of the pit.

A fugitive slave passed through this city, from Virginia, on Wednesday last, on his passage to Canada. He had been thirteen days working his way thus far, and appeared to be in good health and spirits. His value in Virginia would not be short of $1,000, for he was a good-looking fellow; but the advertisement in the Virginia papers will not bring him back now.—*Newburyport Herald, May 3.*

Sarah Pilbrook, of Hardwick, Vt., 94 years of age, widow of a revolutionary soldier, made and sold, last season, from two cows, 600 pounds of butter. She keeps no servants, and has no assistance whatever about the house, except what is rendered by her boy, who is not quite 70 years old, and who does not intend to marry while his mother is able to do her work.

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.—Mr. Wheatstone has solved the problem of a method of secret correspondence, easy of application and undiscoverable. He has invented and patented an instrument—the *Cryptograph*—by means of which any two persons may intercommunicate without fear of betrayal. It is said that the instrument is very simple and of small cost.

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes, and, not knowing exactly the style she required, he despatched a written missive to her, asking her whether she would like them "*Wround or Esq. Toad.*" The fair one, indignant at this rich specimen of orthography, replied "*Neither.*"

A HARD HIT.—One of our citizens, who is well known as a man of ability and wit, was once guilty of perpetrating the following: Standing in the street one day, conversing with Dr. Z., they observed another physician to pass in his chaise, accompanied by one of his patients, who was fast recovering. "Well," said Dr. Z., "I never took a patient to ride in my life." "No," said our friend, "Mr. ——, the sexton, always saves you that trouble."—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

Jenny Lind has addressed a letter to a friend in this country, in which she speaks in the warmest terms of Mr. Barnum, of whose reverses she has heard, and says:

"He, nor his, shall never know want while I have it in my power (which, owing to the goodness of Heaven, I have now) to keep it away."

She says further, that the gift and charity concerts given by her, while with Mr. Barnum, all sprang from him, and that he persisted, against her remonstrance, in giving her before the public the entire credit therefor.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

GOOD.—Father Cummings formerly of the *Christian Mirror*, thus speaks of a certain fugitive slave whom he met in Panama:

"In the assembly were two fugitive slaves, who found their way hither. One of them, I am told, was brought hither by his master, on his way to California, and so managed as to give him the slip, and abide here. He affords some evidence that he is the Lord's servant, and prizes his religious privileges. In suffering his human master to go on without him, he only availed himself of the inspired license, 'If thou mayest be free, use it rather' than remain in bondage."

"CASTING OUT DEVILS."—The "Reverend C. Chauncey Burr," a deposed clergyman, edits a Know Nothing newspaper at Watertown. Being displeased with the action of a K. N. Council in that neighbourhood, which repudiated the Philadelphia nominations, he says:

"In every County where such men creep into the party, let the work of casting out devils be commenced without delay."

Unless some more saintly personage than the "Reverend C. Chauncey Burr" is employed in this work, we doubt whether these "devils" *can* be "cast out."—*Alb. Eve. Journal.*

A MAN WITH NINE WIVES.—The notorious Nathan Brown, the most remarkable bigamist ever known in America, was brought by Officer Elliott, the other day, from near Jeffersonville, Indiana, under a requisition from Gov. Chase. He is reputed to have nine living wives. His practice has been to live with each about three months, get hold of their property, and desert them. He is now safe in Butler County jail, at the instance of his seventh wife, a resident of this city. The old sinner is 53 years of age, and has married three wives within two years.—*Hamilton (O.) Intelligencer.*

The Camels intended for the Western plains are on board the storeship Supply, at Kingston, for Indianola, Texas. It is proposed to keep the animals at that place several months to recruit them. Some of the animals were presented by the Viceroy of Egypt to our Government, but most of them were procured by Major Wayne and Captain Potter, under the appropriation made for the purpose at the last session of Congress. Some Arabs accompany them to take care of them. There are thirty-one camels in the lot.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF EIGHTY PASSENGERS ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.—On Wednesday an accident occurred on the Harlem Railroad, near the station at Pardye's, which, it is difficult to believe, did not result in a great loss of life, and yet, strange to say, nobody was injured, although there were eighty persons on board the cars. As the passenger train was proceeding at its ordinary speed, one of the axles of the baggage car suddenly broke, and the car was driven back on the first passenger car, which, in its turn, was forced upon the second passenger car; the floors and seats of these cars were ripped up and scattered in all directions, but, wonderful to relate, not a single passenger received a bruise or a scratch, though, of course, they were all very much frightened. The President of the Road, who was in the first car, met with a slight contusion, and the Conductor was slightly injured in the foot. Those were all the injuries sustained, and they were trifling enough.

RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK.—The following statement gives the present circulation of the principal religious newspapers published in this city:

Christian Advocate and Journal (Methodist)	30 000
The Independent (Congregational)	24,240
New York Observer (O. S. Pres.)	21,120
The Freeman's Journal (Roman Catholic)	16,000
The Evangelist (N. S. Pres.)	15,000
The Examiner (Baptist)	11 000
Christian Ambassador (Universalist)	8,000
Christian Intelligencer (Ref. Dutch)	6,600
New York Chronicle (Baptist)	6 000
Church Journal (Episcopal)	5,000
Christian Inquirer (Unitarian)	2,800
Protestant Churchman (Episcopal)	2 120
The Churchman (Episcopal)	1,000

—*Independent.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A young man, formerly of this city, who was arrested last Spring and condemned for bigamy, was released one day this week, having served out his time, and was met at the depot by his first wife, who had not seen him before for several years. The meeting was of a very affectionate character. The young wife forgave his indiscretion, and took him to a clothing store, where she purchased a new suit of clothes for him, which he donned, when she placed in his hands a purse of three hundred dollars, that she had earned since he had left her bed and board. The next day the re-united and happy couple took the cars for New Hampshire, where, in the pure air of the Granite Hills, we trust their cup of connubial bliss may always remain full. For such a expression of affection as this, the words of the poet are altogether too tame:

"Oh for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break."

—*Newburyport Herald.*

DIFFERENT DEPTHS OF HEART.—On one of the first beautiful Spring mornings which we had a few days ago, while riding in an omnibus in Broadway, a pretty-faced little girl—sitting on the opposite seat—whose spirits, from the unusual influences of the balmy air and bright sunlight, were bubbling up into cheerfulness and exhilaration, involuntarily *began to sing*. A gentleman at whose side she was sitting, and whom we took to be her father, immediately turned towards her and, with no ungentleness, yet with coldness and dignity, gave her a reproof. A children-loving friend of ours, by our side, who had looked for several minutes looking at the little girl with pleased attention, was in a moment so indignantly affected at the father's words that he said to him: "Don't stop her singing, sir; I would as soon think of *throwing stones at a canary bird!*"

We make a note of the incident, simple as it is, as affording a striking illustration of the great differences in temperament and sympathy among men; and as perhaps imparting a needful hint to some of our too stately friends who happen to be parents of simple-hearted girls or boys.—*Independent.*

A LUDICROUS TILT AT "THE FASHIONS."—A few days since, as a young gentleman, whose residence is in the suburbs, was hastily running through Elm street, to take the cars, he unfortunately did not observe, till too late, that a lady fully dressed in the "hoop style" was walking on the sidewalk before him. In attempting to pass by her, his foot by some means caught in the model dress, and, losing his equilibrium, he was pitched headlong into the gutter, which happened to be more than usually filthy at the time. He picked himself up in a most sorry plight, to be sure, but, as the "queen of the *way*" passed on without even deigning him the grace of a "smile" at his mishap, the keeper of a wine store in the street, who noticed the incident, generously supplied the omission, after having kindly assisted him in the cleansing of his person. The young man concluded to take ample time for reaching the next train, and especially to keep a bright look-out against encountering any more hoop dresses. The ladies should certainly take warning, and thus avoid causing such melancholy downfalls of our young men.—*Bost. Trans.*

AN OLD SERMON.—We have before us, says the Portland *Transcript*, in all its antiquity of yellow paper and quaint old-fashioned type, a copy of a sermon preached before "the Honourable Congress of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, assembled at Watertown, the 31st of May, 1775, by Samuel Langdon, D.D., President of Harvard College." The speaker gives an account of the battle of Lexington, fought about six weeks previous, from which we take this paragraph, illustrative of the brutality of the English:

"Near the meeting-house in Menotomy (now West Cambridge), two aged helpless men who had not been out in the action, and were found unarmed in a house where the regulars entered, were murdered without mercy. In another house in that neighbourhood, a woman in bed, with a new born infant about a week old, was forced by the soldiery to escape, almost naked, to an open outhouse; her house was then set on fire, but soon extinguished by one of the children which had laid concealed till the enemy was gone. In Cambridge, a man of weak mental powers, who went out to gaze at the regular army as they passed, without arms, or thought of danger, was wantonly shot at and killed by those inhuman butchers as he sat on a fence."

ABOLITIONISM IN THE EAST.—The *Presse d'Orient* of Constantinople says:

"An event of a certain degree of gravity has taken place at Amasia. A slave brought into the town from the frontiers of Georgia was incarcerated in the village of Koudzekeul, occupied by Circassians. The slave was a Christian of the Armenian church. The bishop of that church demanded that he should be set at liberty, but this was refused except on payment of a sum of money. After a good deal of discussion, the bishop, seeing that there was no other means of effecting his release, paid £50 sterling, and the slave was given up to him. The prelate then appealed to the members of his church to contribute the sum which he had paid, so as to emancipate the slave; but they refused, on the ground that slavery is abolished in Turkey. We are assured that a foreign consul has demanded the slave from the Pasha of Amasia, and has also demanded that the man who sold him shall be punished. One of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers which recently left Constantinople had on board a female slave sent to Samsoun. The proprietor of the slave presented himself to demand her, but she refused to disembark, saying that slavery is abolished and that she meant to remain free. As she persisted in her resolution, she was carried back in the steamer to Constantinople."

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.—By the will of Mr. James Kelley, of Lancaster County, Virginia, all his slaves, amounting to about forty-five, have been emancipated. His executors are now in Baltimore, making arrangements for their outfit and embarkation to Liberia, in the vessel which is soon to sail from that port.—*Richmond Despatch.*

A REEF IN PETTICOATS.—A lady writes us a description of a new style of skirt, which, if we rightly understand it, is so arranged with cords as to be contracted in cases of emergency, so as to admit the wearer to pass in a crowd, and through narrow doors and passages to theatres, church pews, opera boxes, &c., &c. The *modus operandi* we cannot explain; but since the French Bishop reminded his fair flock that the gates of Paradise were narrow, the pious *modistes* of Paris have set their wits to find a substitute for the unyielding whalebone. We hope they have succeeded.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

R. W. Emerson's six lectures at Freeman Place Chapel have now closed. Without any special notices in the papers, at the close of the season, without any novelty in the subjects, even on stormy evenings they have been full to overflowing. Each of them has been entirely different from the other, each of them has invited criticism, and each, we think, has had its special admirers, those which were the most Emersonian the most admirers. No tolerable reports have been nor perhaps can be given of them. His purpose undoubtedly is to give in another volume these fruits of years of quiet thought and profound meditation. The one on France seemed to give the least satisfaction; while that on Popery was the most acceptable to those who are in the fullest sympathy with him. But he can not open his mouth in public on any subject without charming a cultivated taste by his keen perception, his racy wit, his poetical fancy, his unaffected eloquence, his spiritual insight. The passage of years, his comparative withdrawal from busy life, the stillness of his tree-girt home, have not chilled his utterance in the least; and, judging by the very mixed character of his deeply attentive audiences, he has gained in public favour, has convinced the most fastidious and conservative that he has that word to say which they all need to hear, while in the far West he has found troops of admiring, eager and receptive scholars.—H.—*Boston Christian Register.*

NEGRO-STEALING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A letter to the Columbia *Times*, dated Sumpter, S. C., April 11, mentions that court is in session, and then says:

On Tuesday night we were all thrown into a state of excitement by the apprehension of one of our *quasi* merchants for negro-stealing. The negroes are returned, and the parties who were concerned in their purchase will bear testimony in the case. Perhaps it is not proper I should say more before the trial, as a good deal of excitement has prevailed in this vicinity for some weeks, on account of the frequent and mysterious disappearing of slaves from their owners. The accused will be put upon his trial next week, unless his counsel make a str

Miscellaneous Department.

Translated for The Standard by MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

BERANGER TO THE STUDENTS

(Some of whom were lately imprisoned at Mazas for refusing to listen to the lecture of Nisard, the imperial Academician, at the College de France).

Poor fellows! so you think you're free
To still cry "Liberty forever"?
That 'neath the flag of colours three
You still are free to feast the giver?
My luckless songs you still reclaim.
Forget them!—I'll renounce with you
(Else should I curse my ancient fame)—
And pardon the poor songster too.

Say, days I dreamed, if these new tunes
Are like ye, in what single thing?
I scored, with stigma of my rhymes,
Slaves, toadies, Emperor, Pope and King.
If I did sing a Captain's reign,
All crownless was his humbled brow.
Brumaire was scourged by *St. Hélène!*
Ah, pardon the poor songster now!

For *me* can Nisard speak aught?
Leverrier match Arago's grace?
Am I the friend of speechless night,
To yield Belmontet Hugo's place?
And even my loving God so free—
My kindly God doth Rome allow?
The God of spy and jailor he?
Ah, pardon the poor songster now.

Yes—I did chant the coats of blue
Worn threadbare in the fight with kings;
For, twenty years of victory through,
"Tis the Republic's voice that rings!
But the trim Guard that spies to-day,
To shoot us down, his grade to show,
Is he my friendly comrade gay?
Pardon!—your songster thinks not so.

Poland and noble Italy!
France owes ye both a debt of blood!
Forward!—the cannon speaks!—let be!
There's here no foothold where we stood.
Take farther off the gift ye bear;
Bid the slow Turk, to take it, bow;
Is *this* the holy league ye sware?
Ah! pardon the poor songster now!

THE DALGETTY RACE.

We cannot watch this wonderful world in its workings without being made sensible, every hour, of the system of—not so much reproduction—as re-occurrence. Men, events, diseases, wars, passions, combinations occur, lie dormant for centuries and then come on us again, identical. 'Twas a beautiful thought of the Italian rhymer, speaking of a great man,

Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.
Nature made him, and then broke the die.

The die was broken in moulding Sheridan, as Byron has paraphrased it in his monody; but it is not so actually. The mould indeed is broken, crumbled, and is resolved to ashes; but the die remains; garnered up in Nature's storehouse, and it is taken down, cleaned, and turns out a type of the old stamp, when Wisdom requires it. The coinage in course of time becomes worn, battered, clipped, debased; it is called in; it will no longer pass current; but the matrices are kept in the great mint, and the mint issues broad, bright, brave pieces of the old coinage, from time to time, irregularly and unexpectedly.

Such issues are evoked partly, I admit, by the temper and constitution of the times. As insects come after a shower, and a dead carcase gathers ravens, and a house in Chancery fosters spiders; so, had we a weak bigoted priest-ridden sovereign, should we have a plentiful supply of the old king-cardinal coinage of the famous Wolsey, Richelieu, Mazarin, Alverez, Ximenes pattern. With another Covenant we should have, I hope, another Cromwell; another Napoleon would bring with him another band of marshals as famous as the last; another Louis Quinze would assuredly provoke another Damiens; another Voltaire, another Robespierre in reversion; and I am sanguine enough to believe that a few years' continuance of the war in which we are at present engaged—pray Heaven, though, it be over at this time!—would give us another Nelson on the sea, another Wellington on the land, red tape, routine, my lords, and "under consideration," notwithstanding. After all (Solomon, the king of critics, has said it before), the theatre of the world has not an unlimited repertoire. Darby and Joan was written before Catherine and Petruchio; Clytemnestra is older than Lady Macbeth. There can be no novelty in the drama of life but the last scene, and the rehearsal, even of that, is deferred till further notice.

I happened to mention casually the war. That brings me to the subject of this paper. Events, naturally including wars and the rumours thereof, do, according to my theory, turn up, from time to time, as scoriæ are thrown up when Vesuvius loses its temper. And the men-types turn up in like fashion. We have thought them dead; we have thought them extinct; we have thought that the breed has quite died out, like the ibis and dodo; but they have been lying snugly perdu somewhere during times of desuetude, and now start up and cry "Ready, aye ready!" like any Napiers. Give me the event, I will find the men. There is, I am certain, a law-copying clerk somewhere in Cripplegate ready to cast aside his parchments; and, no longer mute inglorious, to write Paradise Lost or the Defence of the People of England, to the admiration of the world and the confusion of Salmasius, if you will only grant me a commonwealth and a high court of justice. I can find dozens of Robespierres in back attics ready to renounce pantaloons, to celebrate the Feast of Reason and to demand your head, my lud, to-morrow. There are communist cobblers in cellars who only lack the opportunity to be Marats; ay, and in quiet country towns there are dreamy young women who only wait the trumpet-call of the Event, to start up Charlotte Cordays, and slay the Marats in their baths. If Charles the Second were alive to-morrow, do you think he would have much difficulty in finding a young lady among the corps de ballet willing and ready to be created Duchess of Cleveland? There is an old lady in Camden Town, housekeeper to a poor old gouty grand monarque of a single gentleman—give me but a real Versailles and a real Louis Quatorze in his dotage, and see how soon she would be metamorphosed into a real Madame de Maintenon! I know Salomon de Caux well. He has just discovered the perpetual motion, and only wants funds to complete his self-navigating aërial machine. People say he is mad. Just leave the doors of the jewel-office open, and see how soon my acquaintance Colonel Blood (from Camberwell) will steal the regalia. All these types always exist. The Causes Celebres are musty, decayed volumes; yet in peaceable English households there are the same poisoners now. The Borgias are alive in gingham and corduroy; the aqua tofana is brewed in earthen mugs, and bought, in penn'orths, at the chemists; every burial club may have its Brinvilliers; every assurance office knows who killed Sir Thomas Overbury, and how Sir Theodosius Boughton's uncle insured his wife's sister's life for five thousand pounds.

The great event of the day—the war—has called into being a class of characters who, owing to the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, have gradually faded from public view, and have been superseded by younger sons of younger brothers, decayed tapsters, and reduced serving-men. Captain Dugald Dalgetty, who, since the last great peace, has been annually sinking deeper and deeper into the stagnant waters of Lethe; who has gradually fallen into neglect, mis-esteem, obscurity, ridicule, and at length total oblivion; who seemed to have strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage till the impatient audience cried "Out! out (or 'Off, off!'), brief candle!" has suddenly, Belli gratiâ, reappeared blooming, confident, swaggering, loquacious, valiant, and venally faithful—with a new scabbard to his Andrea Ferrara, new rivets to his corselet, a fresh feather in his hat, new spurs to his heels, and a new saddle and bridle to his doughty steed Gustavus Adolphus. The war has called forth many things that have been slumbering for a quarter of a century in the limbo of peace-pipings. The passions of wild beasts, plunder, provost-marshals, and baggage-waggon Moll Flagons: Bellona can boast of all these in her train; and with them rides proudly with his long sword ready to thrust for king or kaiser, autocrat or republic, stars or stripes, lion and unicorn or double eagle, Captain Dugald Dalgetty.

I can just recollect, nearly twenty years ago, one of the old Dalgetty stock, Captain Skanderbeggie. He lived next door to us, in a little cottage in Kilburn. He had but one leg; he had a potato snuff-box, given to him—so he said—by General Barclay de Tolly; and his principal occupation was to walk up and down his little garden, and swear. He is associated in my mind, curiously, with a certain tall sunflower in his garden that used to swagger insolently over our palings. Not that his face was yellow—it was excessively red. Not that his face had no better supporter than a stalk; for the captain's face ended in a shiny black stock, and was finished off by a tightly-buttoned blue surtout and nankeen trousers; but both the flower and the man were arrogant, blustering, self-asserting, swayed themselves to-and-fro a great deal, and had an unmistakeable expression of a resolve not to stand any nousense. Captain Skanderbeggie was good enough to take considerable notice of, and rather a fancy to, me; but he would not stand any of my nonsense either, and, if I were inattentive to the terrific stories he told me, he would hit me a smart cuff on the side of the head, which I never dared resent or complain of to my nurse, for my ideas of the captain's coercive powers over refractory juveniles were illimitable. He was more than a threat of Bogey to me; he was one of the Bogies themselves.

A martial life had the captain led. He was of West Indian parentage—from Demerara. "Married a Dutch widow, sir," he was wont to say; "fifty thousand guilders and five hundred black fellows. Too much sangaree! Cut up with the yellow fever in six months. Click!" (This last interjection, "Click!" he always made use of as a peroration to his narratives, whether he had been describing a battle, a shipwreck, or a night surprise, the passage of a river, or the execution of a deserter.) Captain Skanderbeggie had received his baptism of fire in some bush-fighting among runaway slaves in the interior of Guiana. "Lay three days and nights in the mud up a creek. Took twenty-seven prisoners, hanged nine, gave the 'Spanso bocko' to eight, and flogged and pickled the rest. Took 'Ugly Toby' the ringleader. Brought his head home in a calabash. Promoted to be captain of militia on the spot. Governor Flemsburg sitting under a banyan tree smoking his pipe. Commission made out there and then. Click!" From the West Indies, the captain (he had always been a captain), having converted his fifty thousand guilders into the familiar ornithological specimen known as ducks and drakes, came to Europe, and appeared to have held some irregular military employment in Ireland during the rebellion in that unhappy country. He used to speak with great gusto of certain people called Croppies, and of the scourging, half-hanging, pitch-capping, and gunpowder-singeing, that were necessary to instil proper notions of loyalty and the Protestant religion into their minds; whence I infer that he had been in the Militia or the Yeomanry. Indeed, I think he once told me that he was adjutant in Lord Jocelyn's Foxhunters; a corps that unearthed innumerable rebellious foxes (without brushes, and with but two legs) in those parlous times. But, as he was always desirous of employment in the regular army, he had solicited and obtained a commission in the King's German Legion, whence he had passed to Lord Beresford's Portuguese Levies, and thence to Sir Hudson's Lowe's Corsican Rangers, during his service in which he had the pride and pleasure to put an end to a deadly Corsican vendetta that had been raging for upwards of eighteen months; for, happening to catch one Camillo Zamboni, who, with a long gun, was waiting behind a rock for Pietro Pallavecco, him to kill and slay; and capturing soon afterwards the veritable Pietro, who, with a long knife, was lying in a ditch waiting for the long-gunned Camillo, and actuated by similarly murderous intentions towards him—he, the astute Skanderbeggle, after reading the first passage in the articles of war that turned up, did then and there hang both Pietro and Camillo on the next tree, to the complete extinction of the feud, and the satisfaction of all parties. There was rather a hiatus valde deflendus in the captain's narrative after this; and he never satisfactorily accounted for the tenure of his brevet-majority in the service of Murat, king of Naples, seeing that the brother in-law of Napoleon was necessarily at war with us until 1814. How, too, could he have been at the battle of the Moskova as a captain of Polish Lancers; and how from thence did he subside into the Royal Waggon Train, attached to which he went through the campaign of Waterloo, and to his services in which he owed his modest pension? Stay: were there not evil-minded people who said that he had been broken as an officer in the English service, and that his pension accrued from certain delicate services he had been able, from his acquaintance with the Italian language, to render the English government at Milan, about the time of Queen Caroline's trial? He went over to South America after that, and had a brush in the war of Independence—on the Royalist Spanish side. They paid, he said, with a wink. In India, afterwards, the Nabob of Futtyghur was very much attached to him, and would have made him commandant of his artillery, had not the services of Skanderbeggle been essential for the organization of the Rajah of Chillumghee's irregular cavalry. At last he grew old, and broke, and came to tell his battles o'er again and slay the slain thrice over at Kilburn. His sword was turned into a bamboo cane, and Gustavus Adolphus (represented by an old blind pony he used to drive in a gig) was put to grass.

I am afraid Captain Skanderbeggle was a very good man, and I don't believe now half the stories he used to tell me about his exploits; but in my childhood I used to think him a very Paladin of valour. It struck me, even then, that he used to swear and drink brandy enough. I used to try (with that glorious privilege of childhood for the personification of shadows) to fancy him my uncle Toby. There was a stout landlady at the Black Lion opposite who would have made an admirable Widow Wadman, and our housemaid was as like Bridget as two peas; but the blustering old captain had nothing in common with the modest large-hearted Captain Shandy. Had poor Lieutenant Lefevre come that way, he might have stopped at the inn, or marched, or gone hang, for ever Captain Skanderbeggle would have sent Corporal Trim to inquire how he did; indeed, he had no Trim, only a dusty old chairwoman to wait upon him, at whom he swore oaths enough to tire out the accusing angel's wings as he flew to Heaven's chancery to give them in, and blushed—not for shame at a good man's weakness, but for indignation at an old sinner's profanity. He never made any model of the fortifications of Dendemond in the garden; the only point in which he resembled the captains that fought in the Low Countries was in swearing so terribly; but he used to hoist a flag on the anniversary of the capture of some stronghold in the East Indies (where he never was, I suspect), and smoke Trinchinopoly cheroots which he said the Rajah of Chillumghee had given him, and hallo out fiercely to the little vagrant boys, and behave altogether like a terrible old Turk. I am sure he was no great scholar; but if he had never read Suwarrow's Soldier's Catechism, he had at least heard, and to the full appreciated, the sapient maxim, that "Booty is a holy thing," for his house was a museum of trophies he had picked up in his wanderings—war-clubs, tomahawks, saddles, bridles, old coats, helmets, sabres, horse-cloths, and shakos. None of these were valuable—he was more a military marine store-keeper than a virtuoso; but he loved to accumulate things, and my friendship with him was brought to a close by a misunderstanding between him and my family, arising from the impossibility of persuading him to return a mallet and handsaw he had borrowed. He insulted us over the paling after this, and fired off two-pounders during the time of Divine Service on Sundays. Peace be with him!

There are not many readers of the rising generation who will recognise this offshoot from the Dalgetty tree. The death of George the Fourth saw the last of this captain; yet they abounded at the period to which I have alluded. If you consider the European nature of the last war, the many different powers with whom we were allied, the widely-various fields of our military operations, the Dalgetty of that day can be understood.

But there is, or rather was, a captain whom we all recollect. The captain in the Legion. He had big black whiskers (moustachios were not fashionable then, even among the military men, save cavalry officers); his name was Captain de Montmorency Ravelin. He had shed his blood for the Queen Isabella Segunda and her exemplary mamma, Marie Christina, on the arid plains of Catalonia; and the ungrateful Isabella had neglected to imburse him his large arrears of pay-pension and allowances; which constrained him to get little bills done; to hold levees of Jews in his bed-chamber of a morning; to run up terrific scores at hotels; to occupy whole pages to himself in tradesmen's ledgers; to frequent occult chambers where ivory cubes were nightly rattled in cylindrical boxes, and seven was the main and five to four were on the caster; to be put, in fine, to the thousand shifts and embarrassments that a pauper gentleman, utterly unemployed, thoroughly uneducated for any useful purpose, hopelessly idle, and passably debauched, must needs suffer when he cannot dig, and when to beg he is ashamed. Yes; he had formed one of the famous band of heroes recruited from the docks and the slums, and officered Heaven and the Insolvent Court only knows how, who went out to Spain, and were flogged and not paid, and, as wicked wags reported, once ran away en masse from a small body of Carlists, who were instructed to cry out "Stop thief!" which so terrified the worthy legionaries that they, remembering the adage, "the thief doth fear each bush an officer," bolted without further delay. Who does not remember these poor fellows when they came home, all as tattered and torn as the bridegroom of the maiden all forlorn? They begged about, they appeared at police offices, they swept the streets till the professional beggars found out what a capital dodge the legionary one was, and took to stumped brooms and ragged red jackets. Who does not recollect the unhappy captains—the De Montmorency Ravelins? Every second-hand clothes-shop had one of their swallow-tailed scarlet-coats hanging up outside, with the Queen of Spain's buttons and the Queen of Spain's epaulettes. Some of the Ravelins were on the Carlist side, and were in worse case than the Christinos. They were the terror of tailors; lodging-house keepers groaned when you mentioned their names; waiters called them, sarcastically, "Capting." The Spanish legionary captain was almost as poorly off as a Pole; and touching the degree of estimation in which those unfortunate refugees were held, from the year 'thirty-five to forty, I will relate what my aunt said. My aunt had a niece who was in love with a handsome young man, an artist, but whose name unfortunately ended in wowski. Marriage was spoken of, when up and spoke my aunt, who never before was heard to speak so harshly, and said:

"I hope, my dear, you are not going to marry anybody whose name ends in wowski, because he must be a Pole, and all Poles are swindlers."

And my aunt was a dear good woman, who would not have harmed a worm, or spoken disrespectfully of a Barbary monkey.

About this time, too, the stage took up the captain and made much sport of him. The playwright's converted him, invariably, into an Irishman, gave him a blue-frogged coat, brass spurs, white trousers, and false moustachios, one of which last came off towards the denouement. He was always an intriguing adventurer, had frequently been transported, ordinarily passed under a false name, and was generally removed in custody by a policeman, or kicked down-stairs by the footman at the end of the farce. Captain grew to be a bye-word and reproach. A bilker of taverns and victimiser of lodging-houses was a captain. The penny-a-liners revelled in him, and headed their reports, The Notorious Captain in Trouble; Captain L—— Again; A Certain Gallant Captain has been Repeating his Infamous Tricks in Hampshire; and the like. The captain rivalled the penny-a-liner's other bread-provider; the gallant, gay Lothario.

But, the captains grew so scarce at last that the farce-writers dropped them in contempt, and the penny-a-liners devoted themselves to Magyar noblemen. Some of the Ravelins went back to Spain, to find out coal-mines in the gorges of the Pyrenees. Some took commission agencies for Toboso's hams and the Duke of Garbonzo's sherries—like Captain Strong, whom Pendennis knew. Many went to America, where they went fillibustering or beaver-trapping, and sometimes came back and published their Far Western Travels in three volumes, and sometimes fell by the hand of a Mexican haugman, like poor dear Raousset Boulbon. A few had shares in patents—machines for spinning flax from cobwebs, and extracting dyes from egg-shells. One I knew went to California with a venture of lucifer matches, Warren's blacking, digestive biscuit, and Somebody's pills: he is doing well. Gradually, imperceptibly, the Dalgetty type faded away. You no longer saw the captain's name in the provisional committee list of a bubble company. He was superseded by Professor Ravelin, Paracelcus Ravelin, M.D., Condorcet Ravelin, F.R.S. Count Von Swindelheim bilked hotel-keepers instead of the notorious Captain L——. Dalgetty became a myth. The thousand years of peace seemed to have set in, and Gustavus Adolphus was sold to the dogs'-meat man.

The revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, attended as it was by prospects of a general European convulsion, stirred up some feeble sparks of the old Dalgetty element; but, they were sparse and soon died out. Some remnants of the erst noble band of captains hurried over from the antipodes to see if there were any hard knocks going; but the Unholy Alliance had the best of it, and the Dalgettics sank to sleep again, as Washington Irving tells us those ghostly Indian chiefs do in the haunted glens about Wolfert's Roost, who start from their slumbers when they hear some distant band carousing, echo back the shouts, and then fall once more into their trance of centuries, with their mouldering bows and arrows by their sides. There was nothing for Dugald Dalgetty to do in forty-eight. Mercenary as he was, he was too real and true and noble for the miserable, skulking barricade fighting, and bombardment of blind alleys, and beleaguering of back parlours, and slaughtering in cellars.

Who is this comes riding on a white horse, all covered with crimson and golden trappings! Who comes riding so proudly and defiantly, has so firm a seat in the saddle, makes his charger curvet and prance so gracefully! He wears an embroidered caftan, his belt is full of silver-mounted pistols and arabesqued daggers; a jewelled yataghan is slung to his wrist, his head is swathed in a spangled turban, a muslin veil floats from it; glossy is his coal-black beard; he is followed by his canvasses and his pipe-bearer. Who is this Beyzade, this son of an effendi, this scourge of the giaour? This is Nessim Bey, decorated with the order of the Medjidié, by virtue of an imperial firman, colonel of the staff of the army of Anatolia. He may be a pacha soon and squeeze the rayahs; he receives tourists from Frangistan; and gives them coffee and chibouks. He is brave and merciless. No grass grows where his horse's feet have trodden. His jack-boots are terrible. None can look on his face, it is so radiant. No adalisques are so beautiful as his adalisques. He will be seraskier and marry the padisha's daughter. He will make terrible work of the Muscovs when he meets them, and there will be wailing at Nishni-Novgorod when he stands face to face with General Mouravieff. For this is Nessim Bey.

Yes, but this is also our old acquaintance, Captain Dugald Dalgetty, otherwise Washington Lafayette Bowie, of New York city, in the United States of America. The ardent Bowie has wearied of the puny exercitations of frontier warfare. He is tired of scalping Indians and making topographical surveys; he wants a wider field for his pugnacious predilections, and this is why his Highness the Sultan has one more colonel, and the Muscovites one more deadly foe. I should advise the Muchir Omar Pacha, however, to use, in the next war, a little more celerity in his movements, and come to blows with the enemy rather more frequently, than he was able to do lately; for Nessim Bey must have fire to eat, and heads to knock off. Otherwise, there may be found in the Russian hosts some day a Lieutenant-General Bowiekoff; who will never be tired of slaying Turks; whose Christian names are Washington and Lafayette, and who also hails from New York city, United States.

Dalgetty's name is in a fair way to become legion. Do you see that general officer, surrounded by a brilliant staff, bedizened with stars and embroidery? He commands armies; he directs campaigns; he corresponds with princes; he takes the field against thousands. That general officer's name is Dalgettiowska. Fifteen months since he skulked about the purlieus of Soho, a wretched, proscribed, almost starving refugee. He dined for fourpence at a coffee-shop. He seldom washed. He vainly strove to eke out a livelihood by teaching mathematics. But, the good time has come, hard knocks are rife, and Dalgetty is triumphant.

Captain Sparkles, late of the Plungers, who lost his commission through that ugly chicken-hazard business with young Chawkey; Lieutenant Pluckbare, who was obliged to sell out to pay his debts; have found asylums and commissions in the Dromedary Contingent. Ravelin, who has come back from California with a few thousands, but is still fond of fighting, is trying hard for an appointment in the Osmanli Mounted Ostriches; and Captain Strong is thinking of giving up the Toboso's hams and sherry business, and accepting the post of quarter-master in the Anglo-Kamschatkan Legion.

What a pity that, just as all these honest fighting men have drawn their swords to carve their way to a little good fortune, there should be a tolerable certainty of PEACE! The world is their oyster, which they with sword will open; and, lo! the crafty diplomatists come and take away the mollusc (for the good of the entire world, though), and leave the noble race of Dalgetty but the shells!—*Household Words.*

THE FIRST ENGLISH ACCOUNT OF CHINA.

"THE History of the Great and Mighty Kingdom of China and the situation thereof, compiled by Padre Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza," is a reprint of the early translation of R. Parke, who undertook it at the express wish of Hakluyt. This work is the first detailed account of China that has appeared in our language. In Mr. Major's interesting introduction to this republication, we are told that the first intelligence concerning the Chinese which reached Europe was derived from a twelfth century manuscript, containing the observations of two Arabian merchants, who appear to have visited China in the middle of the ninth century. They describe China as being smaller than the Indies, but far more populous, and speak much of its fertility. Tea seems to have been as popular then as now, and is described, not only as the common Chinese drink, but as a specific for the cure of all diseases—a notion which prevailed, as we know, on its comparatively recent introduction into Europe. There appears to have been little in the accounts of these Arabs of a thousand years ago which would not exactly apply to the Chinese of the present day. Among the facts and characteristics related by travellers before Mendoza, and repeated in this introduction by Mr. Major, are a few which may be novel and amusing to some of our readers. It is related by one that ladies of royal blood were interred in a particular spot—a grassy mountain, on the sides of which all their horses were turned out to wander at liberty for the remainder of their lives. The maids of honour were allowed the same privilege, with the difference that they were provisioned for five years only, after which they were allowed to starve on the grave of their mistress. It is mentioned by Marco Polo, and even by travellers before him, that the Chinese had a paper currency. A mode of punishing pirates was to make them stand in a leech pond. As an example of the highly populated condition of China, one writer remarks that "out of a tree you shall see many tymes swarme a number of children, where a man would not have thought to have found anyone at all." The same writer notes the practice of town drainage, a modern innovation with Europeans, and states that "frogges are solde at the same price that is made of hennes, and are good meate amongst them, as also dogges, cattes, rattes, snakes, and all other uncleane meates"; and asserts that "if you aske them what they do thynke of the soules departed, they will answere that they be immortals, and that as soone as any one departeth out of this life, he becometh a devyle, if he have lived well in this worlde; if otherwyse, that the devyle changeth him into a bulle, ox, or dogge; wherefore to this devyle do they much honour, praying him that he wyll make them lyke unto himselfe, and not like other beastes." Matteo Ricci, who had access to Pekin early in the seventeenth century, speaks thus of their inaptitude for war:

"They have no more spirit than women, and are ready to kiss the feet of any one who shows his teeth at them. They spend two hours every morning in combing and plaiting their hair. Running away is no dishonour to them; they do not know what an insult is; if they quarrel, they abuse one another like women, seize each other by the hair, and when they are weary of scuffling become friends as before, without wounds or bloodshed. In short, they are only formidable from their numbers. The walls of the towns are, at most, but fit to protect them from robbers. . . . . The soldiers are a disgraceful set. The other day they had a quarrel with some Chinese, who were carrying provisions to market, and beat them; the latter went to complain to the Governor of Macao, who caused forty soldiers to be arrested and beaten with bamboos. They came out afterwards crying like children. . . . . What can the soldiers be in a country where their position is looked upon as dishonourable, and occupied by slaves?"

Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza was one of a party of priests who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, conceived the wish to carry on the work, already commenced by others, of evangelizing China. Through various misadventures they were entirely baulked in their object; and Mendoza, who had devoted much thought and study to the people in whose service he had hoped to spend his life, turned his labours to good account by collecting into one volume all the interesting matter to be found in the writings of those who had preceded him as missionaries. His book, written in Spanish, was published at Rome in 1585; and Parke's translation, now reprinted, bears the date of 1589. Mendoza's work concerning the unchangeable empire has, of course, the advantage of containing little that is not equally true of the present time—if it was true then, which may sometimes be questionable. Among the "manners and customs" noted by Mendoza, our readers will not fail to admire the poetical equity of the following matrimonial arrangements. "All men and women" who wished to form the tender alliance are described as meeting annually at an appointed place before "twelve ancient and principal men" nominated by the sovereign. Notes were made of the names, rank, wealth, and appearance of the applicants; and when the number of one sex exceeded that of the other, the superfluous persons were cast out by lot, to stand over to the next year, their names being retained in a register, that they might then be first served. Then certain of the ancient men divided the male candidates into three classes—the wealthy, the tolerably well-to-do, and the poor. The ladies were similarly divided into the "most fairest," the "not so faire," and the "fowlest." The "most fairest" were then allotted to the rich men, who had to pay a good round sum for their advantage, the price being fixed according to the discretion of the ancient men. The "not so faire" were given gratis to the men of middling means; and the poor men were compensated for their allotment of the "fowlest" damsels, by receiving, for dowries with them, the sums paid by the rich bridegrooms for their beauties. Mendoza tells us that this excellent custom was not practised by the higher classes, "the lords and gentlemen marrying every one as he liked."—*National Review.*

For The Standard.

SONNET.

How quiet is the path of excellence!
Mark the still movement of a summer's day,
From early morning's dusk of pearly gray
To eve's rich glow of golden opulence.
Thoughtfully note its calm magnificence,
When there has been no jagged lightning's play,
No howling winds, with thunder-clouds at bay,
The mind to stir with wild significance.
Ponder the marvels that in these days dwell!
What growth, what progress in this radiant calm,
While raptured angels fill the air with balm,
Their pure delight these days serene to tell.
Nations must learn this lesson of the skies—
Nations, as men, if they from chains would rise.

A. P. C.

WITTY SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

AN amusing article on Table-Talk opens the new number of the London *Quarterly*, the pages of which are thickly strewn with the "good things" of famous talkers. We select the best for our readers' entertainment.

What do we moderns *not* owe to the ancients? Even our jokes date back, the best of them, twenty centuries or more; and who shall say that the Greeks and Romans did not borrow them from nations the very names of which are unknown to us? A good joke is one of the most durable of the productions of the human mind. The review before us gives two striking examples:

"There are few better sayings attributed to Foote than his reply to Lord Stormont, who was boasting the great age of the wine which, in his parsimony, he had caused to be served in extremely small glasses—'It is very little of its age.' Yet this identical witticism is in Athenæus, where it is assigned to one Gnathæna, whose jokes were better than her character. Cicero relates that Nasica called upon Ennius, and was told by the servant that he was out. Shortly afterward Ennius returned the visit, when Nasica exclaimed from within that he was not at home. 'What,' replied Ennius, 'do not I know your own voice?' 'You are an impudent fellow,' retorted Nasica; 'when your servant told me that you were not at home I believed her, but you will not believe me though I tell you so myself.' This, in modern jest-books, is said to have passed between Quin and Foote. Wit, like gold, is circulated sometimes with one head on it and sometimes with another, according to the potentates who rule its realm."

Sir Walter Scott, it seems, was a borrower of other men's wit. In his edition of Swift occurs the essay in which the following colloquy is given:

"*Colonel.*—Is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

"*Lord Sparkish.*—Yes, or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him."

But we find in Washington Irving's "Abbotsford" the following example of Scott's breakfast-table conversation:

"One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thompson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, 'who, poor fellow!' premised he, 'is dead and gone.' 'Why, Mr. Scott,' exclaimed his good lady, 'Macnab's not dead, is he?' 'Faith, my dear,' replied Scott, with humorous gravity, 'if he's not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they've buried him.' The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mr. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table."

Cicero was a famous wit in his day. His jokes were collected after his death; but the book is among the lost treasures of antiquity. The reviewer says:

"Cicero's humour was very various; nor did he abstain from coarse facetiousness and downright puns. When he at last, after infinite irresolution, joined Pompey, they told him, sneeringly: 'You come late.' 'How late, since I find nothing ready?' was his answer. This was *urbanitas*. When Pompey, who had married Cæsar's daughter, asked, on the same occasion, referring to Dolabella, who had joined Cæsar's party, 'Where is your son-in-law?' Cicero retorted, 'With your father-in-law.' This, too, was *urbanitas*. But he stooped to an 'arrant clench' when, in allusion to the Oriental custom of boring the ears of slaves, he replied to the man of Eastern and servile descent, who complained he could not hear him, 'Yet you have holes in your ears.' This was NOT *urbanitas*. Such personalities, however, were addressed *ad populum*; and when political excitement harassed him, even Canning was coarse."

The "Table-Talk of Luther" is one of the most refreshing of books. A healthy, hearty, jolly, earnest talker was the great reformer.

"'Thou art a great sinner,' said the devil. I replied: 'Canst thou not tell me something new, Satan?' The devil often casts this into my breast: 'How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous?' I gave him this answer: 'Avoid, Satan; address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it, for the doctrine is not mine, but his.'"

Here are a few more of Luther's words:

"Dr. Luther said he had heard from the elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the devil, the founder having been born of a succubus.

"'The hair is the finest ornament women have. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight. What defects women have we must check them for, in private, by word of mouth, for woman is a frail vessel.' The Doctor then turned round and said, 'Let us talk of something else!'

"'I have myself found that I never fell into more sin than when I was alone.'

"Luther was one day being shaved and having his hair cut in the presence of Dr. Jonas; he said to the latter: 'Original sin is in us like the beard. We are shaved to-day, and look clean, and have a smooth chin; to-morrow our beard has grown again, nor does it cease growing while we remain on earth. In like manner, original sin cannot be extirpated from us; it springs up in us as long as we exist. Nevertheless, we are bound to resist it to the utmost of our strength, and to cut it down unceasingly.'

"'When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs, rather than remain alone by myself. The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on; but then 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.'

"'When I lay sucking at my mother's breasts, I had no notion how I should afterward eat, drink, or live. Even so we on earth have no idea what the life to come will be.'"

The French are notorious sayers of smart things. To talk epigrams is the delight of a French conversationist. The reviewer crowds into a paragraph several of the elegant witticisms of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, when the "air of the salons was prickly with epigrams":

"When the king gave an appointment, he communicated it to the object of his condescension in an elegant saying. 'If I had known,' he would remark, 'a more deserving person, I would have selected him.' When the old Duplessis was mourning his misfortune in being prevented by age from taking part in a campaign, the king answered, 'We do but toil to earn the reputation which you have acquired.' Louis advanced to the top of the staircase to meet the great Condé, after the battle of Senef. The prince, who ascended slowly from the effects of his gout, apologized to his majesty for making him wait. 'My cousin,' was the reply, 'do not hurry; no one could move quickly who was loaded with laurels as you are.' 'I have heard several great preachers,' said the monarch to Massillon, 'and have been thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I have heard you, I have been dissatisfied with myself.' He would bear uncourtly truths to be spoken when they came recommended by the lustre of wit. A disputed point arose in a game. 'I refer it to you,' exclaimed Louis to the Count de Grammont, who was approaching at the time. 'Your majesty,' replied the Count, 'is wrong.' 'How can you say I am wrong when you do not yet know the question?' 'Do you not see,' answered Grammont, 'that if the point had been ever so little doubtful, all these gentlemen (pointing to the bystanders) would have decided it in your favour?' They would not believe that silence concealed meditation, and M. de Benserade said of a man who did not talk, 'He thinks just as little.' Here comes M. de la Riviere, who went to Rome hoping vainly to be made a cardinal. We remark that he has a bad cold. 'It is because he has returned without a hat!' whispers M. de Bautru. Here is a literary man, M. Patru, who has spent four years in translating the 'Pro Archia,' and has not yet satisfied himself with his rendering of the first period. M. Ménage himself is not exactly a *diseur* like the Prince de Guémene or M. de Bautru. He is colloquial after the fashion of men of letters. When Christina of Sweden came to Paris, he had the task of presenting distinguished persons to her majesty. 'This M. Ménage knows a vast many people of merit!' said the Polar Star, satirically, finding eminent people so numerous. She had sarcasms for everybody; and when the great ladies rushed to kiss her on her arrival, she exclaimed, 'Why, they seem to take me for a gentleman!'"

The reviewer inimitably describes the conversation of Dr. Johnson: "It was at once gay and potent; its playfulness resembling the ricochetting of sixty-eight pounders, which bound like Indian-rubber balls, and yet batter down fortresses." No good thing quoted by the reviewer is happier than that.

The reviewer thinks that conversational excellence is exceedingly rare at present. "But," says he, "we have no wish to let loose a troop of 'Conversation Browns' on the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of England. On the contrary, we feel intensely the social misery which a single bore, with a powerful memory and a fluent tongue, can inflict on a large and respectable private circle. Compared with such a pest the worst book is a trifle, since it can be laid on the shelf; but he—how can he be ejected? You cannot, like Sir Philip Francis, take him by the throat; you can only have recourse to the mingled resignation and pleasantry which Horace exhibited in a similarly terrible position in the Sacred Way; for the bore was 'known to the ancients'—as when was he not known?—and in all ages has honestly believed himself a very entertaining fellow."—*Life Illustrated.*

CHARLES LAMB.

"I WAS sitting one morning beside our editor, busily correcting proofs, when a visitor was announced, whose name, grumbled by a low, ventriloquial voice, like Tom Pipes, calling from the hold through the hatchway, did not resound distinctly on my tympanum. However, the door opened, and in came a stranger, a figure remarkable at a glance, with a fine head on a small, spare body, supported by two almost immaterial legs. He was clothed in sables of a bygone fashion, but there was something wanting, or something present, about him that certified he was neither a divine, nor a physician, nor a schoolmaster; from a certain neatness and sobriety in his dress, coupled with his sedate bearing, he might have been taken, but that such a costume would be anomalous, for a *Quaker* in black. He looked still more like (what he really was) a literary modern antique, a new-old author, a living anachronism, cotemporary at once with Burton the elder and Colman the younger. Meanwhile, he advanced with rather a peculiar gait, his walk was plantigrade, and, with a cheerful 'How d'ye,' and one of the blandest, sweetest smiles that ever brightened a manly countenance, held out two fingers to the editor. The two gentlemen in black soon fell into discourse; and while they conferred, the Lavater principle within me set to work upon the interesting specimen thus presented to its speculations. It was a striking, intellectual face, full of wiry lines, physiognomical quips and cranks, that gave it great character. There was much earnestness about the brows, and a deal of speculation in the eyes, which were brown and bright, and 'quick in turning'; the nose, a decided one, though of no established order; and there was a handsome smartness about the mouth. Altogether it was no common face—none of those *willow-pattern* ones, which nature turns out by thousands at her potteries—but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set—unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen it could pretend not to know it again. It was no face to lend its countenance to any confusion of persons in a Comedy of Errors. You might have sworn to it piece-meal—a separate affidavit for every feature. In short, his face was as original as his figure; his figure as his character; his character as his writings; his writings the most original of the age. After the literary business had been settled, the editor invited his contributor to dinner, adding, 'We shall have a hare'—

'And—and—and—and many friends!'

"The hesitation in the speech and the readiness of the allusion were alike characteristic of the individual, whom his familiars will perchance have recognised already as the delightful essayist, the capital critic, the pleasant wit and humorist, the delicate-minded and large-hearted Charles Lamb! He was shy, like myself, with strangers; so that, despite my yearnings, our first meeting scarcely amounted to an introduction. We were both at dinner, among the hare's many friends; but our acquaintance got no further, in spite of a desperate attempt on my